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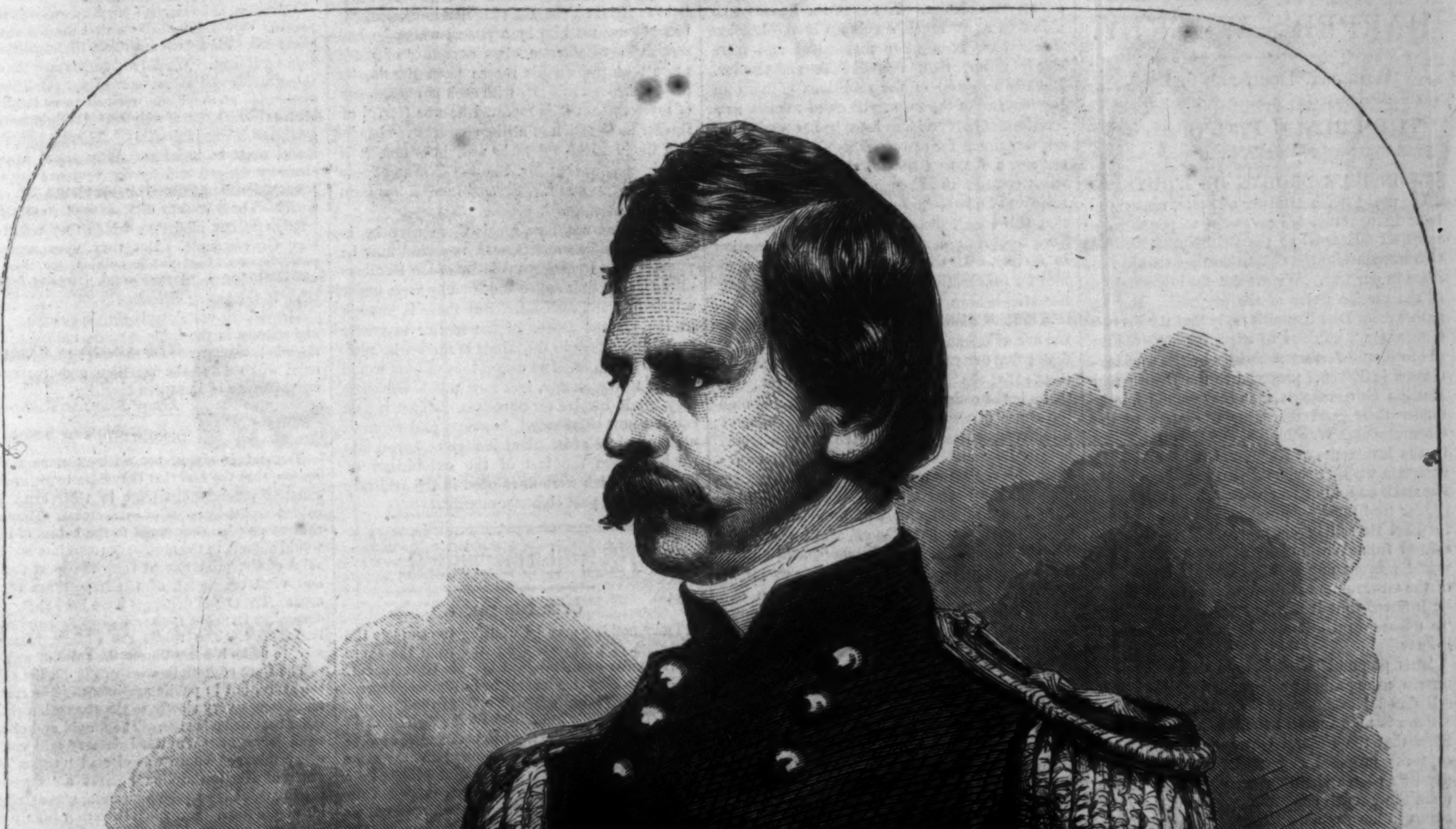

MAJOR-GENERAL NATHANIEL P. BANKS, UNITED STATES ARMY.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 782.]

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FOLLOWING THE DRUM.

"Kiss me good-by, my dear!" he said;
"When I come back we will be wed."
Crying, she kissed him, "Good-by, Ned!"
And the soldier followed the drum,
The drum,
The echoing, echoing drum.

Rataplan! Rataplan! Rataplan!
Follow me, follow me, each true man;
Living or dying, strike while you can!
And the soldiers followed the drum,
The drum,
The echoing, echoing drum.

Proudly and firmly marched off the men,
Who had a sweet-heart thought of her then;
Tears were coming, but brave lips smiled when
The soldiers followed the drum,
The drum,
The echoing, echoing drum.

One, with a woman's curl next to his heart,
He felt her last smile pierce like a dart;
She thought "death in life" comes when we part
From soldiers following the drum,
The drum,
The echoing, echoing drum.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1862.

THE FRENCH PROPOSAL TO MEDIATE.

MONSIEUR DROUYN DE L'HUYS, the new French Minister of State, appears to have inaugurated his accession to power by a proposal addressed to the British and Russian Governments, to the effect that they should mediate in our war. We are not yet in possession of the precise terms of the proposal. But we gather from Earl Russell's reply that the French Government, anxious to avert further effusion of blood, and further sufferings by the working-classes in Europe, proposed to the British and Russian Governments that they should jointly tender their good offices as mediators to the Government at Washington, and simultaneously to the insurgents at Richmond, with a view to ascertain whether some adjustment of the pending strife could not be discovered. It does not appear that the French offer went beyond this, for Earl Russell in his reply observes that "a refusal from Washington at the present time would prevent any speedy renewal of the offer of the Government:" from which it may fairly be inferred that it was not proposed to follow up unsuccessful attempts to mediate by armed intervention.

This proposal Great Britain declined to entertain, as appears by a dispatch from Earl Russell dated November 13; for the reason that "there is no ground at the present moment to hope that the Federal Government would accept the proposal suggested." Russia would appear to have simultaneously declined to act upon the French suggestions, though the Czar seems to have promised to support any endeavors which may be made by England and France.

Upon these replies the *Moniteur*, the official organ of the French Government, remarks that they settle the question of mediation *for the present*.

We have thus, in any event, a further breathing spell, during which, if we are alive to the emergency, and true to ourselves, we may do enough toward the suppression of the rebellion to secure another and a final adjournment of the mediation scheme.

For our part we have never regarded the foreign intervention bugbear with much concern, nor do we now. Diplomatic offers to mediate will possess no more practical importance than the speeches of Mr. John Van Buren to our "wayward sisters." The only thing we have ever had to fear is actual armed intervention with armies and fleets; and that, at the present time, would be at least as perilous to the nations intervening as to ourselves. Our navy is rapidly assuming proportions, both in regard to the class and the number of the vessels composing it, which will enable us to cope with the combined navies of Europe. Before any combined European military and naval expedition could be got ready and sent across the Atlantic, there is reason to believe that we shall be in possession of every port where they could effect a landing with a view to ulterior operations. We are in a very different position now from what we were when the *Trent* affair occurred. And though European intervention would of course protract the war, and render our task more severe than it is, it would do at least as much injury to the powers which intervened as to us. If they bombarded Portland, we might bombard Liverpool. If they captured our ships, we should capture theirs. They might try to send the *Warrior* to "lie broadside to the streets of New York and Hoboken," and she might get there, or not, as the affair turned out. But we know that Farragut could do in the Thames what he did in the Mississippi, and steam up to London Bridge with a fleet of impregnable iron-clads. So of the French. They might do us a vast deal of mischief, no doubt. But if the war began, we fancy that a good many French ports would be demolished before it ended; the tubs baptized *La Gloire* and *La Normandie* would have gone to their last reckoning under the 15-inch shot of our *Monitors*; and the brave little French army in Mexico would never see *la belle France* again. Would the game be worth the candle in either case? We think not, and therefore we have never believed in foreign armed intervention. Both England and France know too well what war costs to rush into it without a well-defined and substantial object.

It has been a great misfortune for this country that the Emperor of the French, who is a fair man and naturally well disposed toward the United States, should have been represented here ever since the war began by Monsieur Mercier—a man heartily hostile to us and to our institutions, and cordially friendly to the rebels and their institutions. So little discretion has this Frenchman possessed that he has never made the least secret of his sympathy with the rebels. He has poured into every ear to which he had access his confident predictions of the success of the rebellion, and his joy at the prospect. He has been the foremost of the rebel sympathizers at Washington in deriding our troops, vilifying our Government, sneering at our generals, and eulogizing our enemies. Not even the knaves who abuse us at so much a column in the London *Times* have been more malevolent and more basely unjust than this French embassador. Equally forgetful of the traditions of his own country and of the respect he owed to ours, as a foreign minister resident here, he has made himself prominent for two years as an apologist for slavery, a foe to freedom, and an ally of the worst enemies the French ever had. We have reason to know—what can be readily believed—that this man's dispatches to his Government have uniformly accorded with his conversation in society. If the Emperor has relied upon him for information about this country, he may honestly believe that all hopes of the restoration of the Union are ended; that the North is on the eve of exhaustion; that our armies will not fight; that our generals do not know how to lead them; that the South is stronger than ever; that theirs is the cause of justice and right, and ours the cause of wrong and oppression. Some of these representations may have been corrected by Mr. Dayton. But there must still have remained a sufficient number uncorrected to create a bias in the Emperor's mind. We do not believe that the Emperor will ever pursue any policy which may have the effect of introducing into the family of nations a state "based on the corner-stone of human slavery." But we might have enjoyed more active sympathy from our old ally, France, had she not been represented here, at this critical time, by a man equally devoid of political wisdom and moral convictions, and possessing neither the decency to refrain from making his embassy a head-quarters for rebel sympathizers, nor the self-respect to withdraw from a court where he is universally and intensely hated and despised.

For us, this mediation scheme should teach us one lesson, and one only—to hasten the work of putting down the rebellion. There is not an hour to be lost. Every day wasted by Burnside, Rosecrans, Grant, M'Clernand, Banks, Porter, Farragut, and Dupont increases the danger of foreign troubles. If the winter passes without very substantial gains by the Union arms, the suffering poor of Europe, the hostile aristocrats of England, and the rebel sympathizers in France will revive the mediation scheme in the spring, perhaps in a more menacing shape than it has yet assumed. The present is ours: let us use it. The future is in the hands of Fate.

THE ARBITRARY ARREST BUSINESS.

THE Secretary of War has ordered the liberation of all parties at present confined in prison on charges of discouraging enlistments and interfering with the draft. The order would have carried more weight if Mr. Stanton had not commenced his career by denouncing arbitrary arrests, and then proceeded to arrest ten persons for every one arrested by his predecessor. Such as it is, however, it meets a very decided public wish. Nothing has been more clearly proved in the course of the recent canvas and election than the deep-seated aversion of the people of the North to the system of arbitrary arrests inaugurated some eighteen months ago. When the war broke out, and black-hearted traitors at the North menaced us with divisions at home, and transmitted intelligence, arms, supplies, and every kind of aid and comfort to rebels in arms, loyal people were so overwhelmed by the dread of an utter destruction of our nationality that they thought of nothing but the danger, and were ready to acquiesce in any measures, however arbitrary or illegal, which the imminence of the crisis might seem to require. But experience has proved in this, as in all other cases, that it is unsafe to trust any man or set of men with the power to override the law. Of the arrests which have been made by order of the Government within the past eighteen months a few were probably wise and useful; but the great bulk were foolish and injurious. Most of them were well and loyally meant, no doubt; but many were unjustifiable, and very few of them really did good to the cause which they were intended to serve. Obscure editors and noisy talkers have been locked up, and the wrongs they have endured have given an influence to their disloyalty which it could never have otherwise acquired. Spurious patriots have been enabled to enlist popular chivalry against the Government by feigned fear of Fort Lafayette. In some cases ignorance on the part of subordinate officers of Government, in others malice have inflicted unpardonable wrongs on innocent men. On the whole, Mr. Lincoln can hardly fail to realize that he would have been stronger, and the rebellion would have been no better off, if no one had ever been sent to Fort Lafayette but prisoners of war.

Difficulties, hardly defined as yet, are shadowed in the future in connection with this matter of arbitrary arrests. It is not easy to perceive what may be the upshot of Mrs. Brinsmade's case, of which the enemies of the Government are making good use. But it is well understood that Mr. Seymour, on assuming office as Governor of New York, will hasten to join issue with the Administration on this subject, and an unpleasant collision of authority may ensue. Ex-Secretary Cameron has been once arrested, and held for trial on charges of illegal imprisonment brought against him by a person whom he had sent to Fort Lafayette when Secretary of War; more recently, on his return from Russia, he passed through this city with such circumstances of mystery that it is reported he was fearful of further molestation of a like character. In circles likely to be tolerably well informed, it is openly boasted that Mr. Stanton dare not come to New York, and Mr. Seward himself has been similarly threatened.

We know not how much there may be in these innuendoes and threats, nor what may be precisely the legal responsibility of the members of the Cabinet for acts committed by them under orders of the President. But there is enough in the present aspect of the matter to create grave uneasiness in the minds of those who realize how much comfort dissensions of ours would impart to the enemy, and how much weakness they would involve for ourselves. What is past can not now be mended, however, and we must make the best of it. But it may be hoped that we have seen the last of the exhibitions of fatal zeal which were developed in the arbitrary arrests of the past eighteen months.

THE LOUNGER.

OVER THE SEA.

THAT nothing may be wanting to complete the alienation of European sympathy from the cause of civil order as maintained by this Government, the London *Times* has established a Richmond correspondence, and has recently printed the first of a series of letters designed to show the devotion and gallantry of the rebels, the baseness and cowardice of the loyal citizens of this country, and the utter futility and hopelessness of the war. Except for their gun-boats, says the correspondent, the Yankees would long since have been "whipped out of their boots" by a population infinitely inferior in numbers, but overpowering in earnestness of purpose and unity of action. The army of the rebels, he writes, is made up of the blue blood of the Southern aristocracy, that of the North is but a crowd of hired foreigners, who were hurled by the strong hand of General Lee like a flock of "huddled sheep" upon Washington. Meanwhile perfect security, perfect repose, perfect confidence reign in Richmond and throughout the South, while desolation and rapine follow the movements of the Northern barbarians, who regret their dead only because of the longer delay in restoring the vanished Union.

The letter is written with specious skill, and it is an illustration of the greater sagacity with which European sentiment has been manipulated by the rebels. For many years the foreign representatives of this country had been in political sympathy with the South. They were either slaveholders themselves or the apologists of slavery, or they sealed their mouths. When the rebellion declared itself many of these men heartily hoped for its success. John O'Sullivan, late minister to Portugal, has published a work in London fully justifying the rebellion. James Williams, late Minister to Turkey, a man who glories in the fact that he was always a disunionist, and that he always voted the ticket that promised most for the cause of disunion, and who, now that the actual struggle has come, with true "chivalric" instinct gathers his goods and leaves the country forever, has also shot a Parthian arrow, entitled "The South Vindicated." Mr. Stiles, former Minister to Austria, is a Colonel or General in the rebel army. Mr. Ward, Minister to China, is an open rebel. Mr. Faulkner, late Minister to France, is a Virginian ringleader of rebellion. These men and many others had, of course, prepared the European mind for an utterly perverted and false view of the situation.

But besides this, the rebels have taken care to operate directly upon that mind since the rebellion took the field. They have subsidized the foreign press. They have filled Europe with public and private emissaries. In the clubs, in the *salons*, they have placed accomplished agents, who have faithfully done their work; so that Mr. Mill is entirely correct in saying, in the last number of the Westminster *Review*, in an article upon the masterly work of Professor Cairnes, that one chief reason of the English hatred of the American cause is to be found in the total ignorance of the facts of the case.

What have we done to counteract this enormous influence? Mr. Motley, who resided in England when the war began, published his admirable pamphlet, and in the high society to which he had access, most manfully told the truth and maintained the cause of his country and justice. But even he could not delay for a day the issue of the British proclamation of equal belligerence. In Paris the American *salons* were in full sympathy with the rebellion, and the position of Mr. Slidell has unquestionably entirely overborne in influence that of Mr. Dayton. Mr. Marsh in Turin has been most faithful, intrepid, and able; but he was for a long time embarrassed by a secretary who was entirely false to the country, while Cavour, the great Italian minister, who saw the whole scope of the struggle, died just as it commenced.

One of the eminent hopes of the rebellion was European sympathy. It was as much our duty to combat it as to fight in the field. Whenever and however the enemy appeared and worked, it was our duty to precede and overpower him. We should have established the ablest and most incessant correspondence from America. We should have subsidized the press. We should have filled Europe with able and loyal men, fitted for the special task of affecting opinion. In a word, we should have done, but more amply, exactly what the rebels have done.

Of course, the reason of our remissness is the old reason. We did not believe that there was to be a great war. We did not anticipate the hostility of foreign sentiment. We did not understand the desperate gravity and earnestness of our condition. A dissolution of the Union seemed to us hardly less than a renunciation of religion. It might be threatened, but it was impossible. The attempt, even if made, must be hopeless. Why guard against a shadowy danger, and by the very gravity of our preparation announce our conviction of serious peril? The Secretary of State wrote masterly dispatches to our ministers, which they read to foreign Governments. But they were necessarily powerless to affect public opinion, for they were not published until that opinion was already settling in the wrong direction.

Henceforth our duty is simple enough. Vigor and success in the field; a stern, radical policy in the whole management of the war: these, and these only, will subdue the rebellion and frustrate the consequences of European hostility.

DISCIPLINE.

THE rebels claim, not without some show of reason, that the fact that they dare to maintain the strictest military discipline in their army is an evidence of their superior earnestness. They argue that no people accustomed to the habits of liberty would submit to the necessary restraints and hardships of discipline except from the most profound and vital conviction of the importance of their cause. Thus rebel deserters have been shot. Rebel stragglers from the ranks are disgraced and publicly branded. The rebels are willing, in making war, to make it according to the rules of war.

The want of discipline with us is felt not only in the army, but in public sentiment. The national mind comes very slowly to the perception that we must beat or be beaten. The stupid and criminal twaddle about "Wayward sisters" still confuses many minds. Vance was elected "Union" Governor of North Carolina against a "Secession" candidate, at least such a meaning was ascribed to his nomination. But when Governor Stanly sends some proposition of negotiation, Governor Vance replies that "the last drop shall flow," etc. If Governor Stanly did actually make any overtures toward negotiation with rebels in arms, it is to be earnestly desired that he may be recalled.

It is essential to our speedy success that we should be thoroughly persuaded of the cardinal truth that the way of peace is first subjugation and then reconstruction. There is no use in continually besotting our minds with phrases. The great mass of the rebels have of late years always hated the people they called "Yankees." The experience of every observing man is conclusive upon this point. They have not indeed insulted every individual Northerner. But they have despised and somewhat feared the mass of Northerners as peddlers and tinkers; and they have cordially hated the political principle and the social spirit of Northern civilization. This feeling, which may be denied, but which will be acknowledged by the multitude of thoughtful observers in the country, has been exasperated to the last degree by the war. And it is clear that, unless there be treachery upon our part, there will be no possibility of the restoration of any relations whatever with the rebels except after they are subdued by force of arms—that is to say, until they are coerced, conquered, subjugated.

If we are not willing to see that and to say it, then we are not willing to do our work. Our great necessity is the discipline of the national mind by and to that conviction. Let us once thoroughly comprehend that we do not deal strictly with deserters because we do not fully appreciate the deadly earnestness of the war, and either the necessary vigor will at once appear or we shall patiently submit to disgrace and ruin.

TO MY NEIGHBOR ACROSS THE PASSAGE.

MY DEAR NEIGHBOR,—You and I were in the same corridor at the hotel last night, and it is a very narrow corridor and very quiet. You came to bed just after twelve. You saw by the boots at the doors of the neighboring rooms, and by the dark windows over them, that the inmates had gone to sleep. Why did you bang your door until the house shook? Why did you slam your boots upon the floor as if you were trying to drive a hole through it? Why not learn how to shut a door? Why not place your boots quietly? Why should you wake up those to whom sleep may be peculiarly necessary by a perfectly unnecessary noise? Have you ever asked yourself how an ill-bred man would behave if he were going to bed at

such an hour and in such a place? Have you ever reflected that a man is honorably upon his good behavior always? Would it not suit you just as well to close your door instead of banging it, and to lay your boots quietly at your door instead of dashing them down?

It is at least worth thinking of. Believe me, it is such little cares that make life smooth and easy. Have you ever observed that if a man does a purely generous and courteous action, and departs from that great brazen rule of conduct, "Every man for himself and the de'il for the hindmost," he has often a half-ashamed air, as if he were "green" or had been taken in? What a pitiful comment it is upon our daily intercourse! You and I are strangers. I never saw you, nor you me; nor shall we ever know that the other was his neighbor last night. But I am addressing the lodger in the opposite room. I think it was No. 48. If you are he, this letter is meant for you. If you are he, let me urge you not to make yourself a nuisance in every hotel neighborhood into which you may venture. It is easy to be courteous in manners if your soul is courteous. I shall believe that yours is so, but that you have unconsciously formed a bad habit. Conquer it. Respect your neighbors in the hotel. Don't scold and swear like a northeaster. Don't bang your door. Don't slam your boots. Don't steal the sleep for which your neighbors have paid, but be the gentleman you wish to be. Good-morning, neighbor.

Your faithful friend,

The Lounger.

ENGLISH HATE.

The young gentlemen at Cambridge University in England have been lately debating in their club the question whether the cause of the North is or is not the cause of Human Progress. One hundred and seventeen young gentlemen, including the oldest son of Lord Russell, voted against thirty-three that it was not.

If now the people of Scotland should secede from the union with England in order to open the slave-trade and extend the beneficent area of slave labor, it would be the cause of human progress, and budding young British statesmen would decide by heavy votes in their Debating Clubs that the British Government was tyrannical and the foe of human welfare in resisting the effort. Or if not, why not?

Of course the Cambridge Debating Club has already declared that the cause of Ireland in rebelling against Great Britain was that of human progress. Or if not, why not?

Naturally also the legislators of Cambridge saw in the revolt of the Sepoys a vindication of the rights of human nature against tyranny. Or if not, why not?

When Mr. Fagin helps himself to his neighbor's handkerchief in the Strand and takes to his heels, he illustrates the great cause of human progress. And policeman X, who pursues him, is an overbearing bully trying to show his greater strength by knocking over the gallant and chivalric Fagin. So votes the Cambridge conclave of young English gentlemen. Or if not, why not?

The enforcement of laws made by common consent is hopeless and wicked despotism:

The use of constitutional powers by the President makes him rather worse than Bomba of Naples:

Stealing forts and arms, robbing the treasury, and firing upon the flag of your country and your fellow-citizens defending it, and all confessedly for no other purpose than to secure immunity in stealing other people, and making them work without wages and raise children for somebody else to sell, are the acts of a heroic people, of a race of gentlemen, of natural lords of the soil:

These are some of the excellent doctrines affirmed by the Debating Society of young gentlemen at Cambridge, England. At Oxford they cheer for that great and good man, Jefferson Davis. The other benefactors and heroes, Jonathan Wild, William Kidd, Benedict Arnold, and Richard Turpin, are either in the gallery of English University heroes, or in Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, we forget which. Mr. and Mrs. Manning are also there.

Hatred of the United States is an epidemic which rages with frightful violence all over England. The nation is demented. It foams at the word Union. It laughs at Liberty. It cheers a man whose only distinction is that he tried to destroy the best of governments for the basest of purposes. It extols a rebellion which has no solitary excuse to urge for its atrocities. And the hatred is futile. It is utterly impotent. England—always excepting the truly generous and noble names that we all know by heart—glares at us in a rage it can not gratify, hoping that the ruin it can not inflict may overwhelm us. We feed its spindles and its people. If we absolutely stopped both cotton and grain England would wail and die. She is livid with jealousy. The rot has struck even to her heart, and young Englishmen, babbling a lesson they have heard and do not understand, cheerfully vote that the cause of human slavery is the cause of human progress.

If a more ludicrous and pitiable spectacle was ever seen at Cambridge University it is not recorded. Oxford refused to make Mr. Edward Everett an LL.D. because he had been a Unitarian clergyman. But that was merely the dull, regulation bigotry of a British Institution. This is disloyalty to man, and to the great cause whose defense is the sole glory of England hitherto—the cause of civil liberty under law.

A GREEK REVOLUTION.

The King of Greece has retired from business, but not by his own choice. He and his Queen left Athens for a short tour in the country. Some of the provinces rose in revolt, not attacking him, but abstractly protesting against his Government. The people of Athens immediately began to move. The peasants of Attica crowded into the city. The soldiers were put on guard at the palace, in which a poor old duenna, or royal housekeeper, Madame Pulsky, had been left in charge. The people appeared before it, and the soldiers joined them. Poor old Madame Pulsky was taken to the house of the British Minister. The King and Queen arrived in a steamer at the Pireus, the port of Athens, but did not land; and his royal Majesty, at that safe distance, heroically declared that he would not resign his crown—unless all the people wanted him to do so. All the people did want it, and King Otho abdicated, and sailed away from his kingdom. The revolution was accomplished, and not a life was lost.

A Provisional Government was formed, supported by the army *and* the people, for in Greece, as elsewhere, they are two separate powers. The formation of this Government was probably the act of a clique of leaders, although the fact does not appear. In such a commotion the names of well-known citizens were doubtless suggested to the crowd as fit members of a Government, and rudely ratified by the popular assent. The members immediately published an address, in which they say that they maintain the constitutional monarchical government—that Greece is eternally grateful to the three Great Powers of Europe—that they will enforce the laws and convoke the National Assembly. A more peaceful revolution was never wrought.

The next step is the agreement of the three dry-nurses of Greece upon a king. Otho was a son of King Louis of Bavaria, Lola Montez's Louis. There is some talk of offering the crown to an English Prince; but Russia would hardly care to see Greece erected into a British dependency. It is easy to begin a revolution, but not so easy to make it do exactly what you wish. You may guide the stream to your mill, but whether it will run smoothly in your race and turn the wheel for your grist, or sweep wheel and race and mill itself to destruction, is a profoundly interesting inquiry.

But what a commentary upon modern monarchical systems! What king seated by a revolution in our time feels secure in his seat? Enthroned by a popular tumult, he is always accountable to it. He may escape the reckoning either by governing well or by enforcing acquiescence by an army. But since the popular will is the real source of his power, the part of wisdom is to regulate the expression of that will by a fundamental law. A king by popular election is conceivable. But a monarchy—or chance hereditary succession of kings—by popular consent, is gradually becoming impossible.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The landlord of a hotel at Brighton entered in angry mood the sleeping apartment of a boarder, and said, "Now, Sir, I want you to pay your bill, and you must. I have asked you often enough; and I'll tell you that you don't leave my house till you pay it!" "Good," said the lodger, "just put that in writing—make a regular agreement of it; I'll stay with you as long as I live!"

"Do I believe in second love? Humph! If a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet? and when it's gone don't he want another pound, and isn't that sweet too? Troth, Murphy, I believe in second love."

"Adelaide, you must spend your money more prudently, because by-and-by, when you are grown up, you will have need of it." "Perhaps I shall, but if I should die young, as a great many do, I should lose the good of the money. I think I had much better spend it now, and make use of it."

What the Wind's Like.—Charles Bannister, the inveterate punster, going into a coffee-room one stormy night, said, "I never saw such a wind in my life." "Saw a wind!" says a friend. "I never heard of such a thing as seeing a wind; and, pray what is it like?" "Like!" answered Charley, "like to have blown my head off."

Why is a dinner like spring?—Because a single swallow never makes it.

Shameless Parody.—Every one has admired Parthenia's definition of love to Ingomar:

"What love is, if thou wouldst be taught,
Thy heart must teach alone—
Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Some profane cynic, having no fear of Cupid before his eyes, perpetrates the following villainous parody:

"Love is a nightmare with one foot;
Two children with one bun;
Two turnips with a single root;
Two cabbage-heads as one."

A man of quality who had a very little nose joked a soldier whose nose was very large. "My body!" said the soldier, "why are you so angry at my nose? Do you think it was made at the expense of yours?"

"Mr. Smith," said a little fellow, the other evening, to his sister's beau, "I wish you wouldn't praise our Ann Maria's eyes any more. You've made her so proud now that she won't speak to cousin Laura, nor help mother the least bit."

Mrs. Partington, hearing that a young man had set up for himself, "Poor fellow!" said she, "has he no friend that will set up for him part of the time?" And she sighed to be young again.

General Howard's right arm was shattered by a ball during the recent battles, and was amputated above the elbow. While being borne on a litter he met General Kearney, who had lost his left arm in Mexico. "I want to make a bargain with you, General," said Howard, "that hereafter we buy our gloves together."

It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight explaining the theory and principles of true politeness to his shoes.

"Man," says Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another."

Many persons seem to be of Franklin's opinion, "that time is money;" they take so *much of it* to pay their debts.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On November 21 General Sumner, commanding the Right Grand Division of the Army of the Potomac, formally demanded the surrender of Fredericksburg. The demand was conveyed by General Patrick to the Mayor and Council of the city under a flag of truce. General Sumner's communication complained that the troops under his command had been fired upon from the city; that the mills and factories there were supplying aid to the rebels, and the railroads running from the city were forwarding provisions to the rebel army. He declared that this must terminate, demanded the surrender of the city, and gave sixteen hours—from five o'clock P.M. on Saturday—for women and children and the sick to be removed. The civic authorities, in their interview with General Patrick, offered to remedy the evil, as far as firing upon our troops and furnishing supplies to the rebel army was concerned; but they refused to surrender the city, and complained of the short time allowed to remove the sick and the women and children.

After the interview with the civil authorities, General Sumner informed them that if they had any further communication to present, General Patrick would meet them again the next morning. On 22d, accordingly, the Mayor and Councils came over, accompanied by General Kershaw, Colonel Bland, and Captain King, of Georgia. The officers claimed that the civil authorities could make no proposition, unless the same was approved by them. General Patrick declined to receive these officers. Subsequently, however, General Burnside assented to their reception, and the parties returned. The civil authorities asked for an extension of the time allowed for the removal of the women and children, alleging that the trains had been frightened off by our artillery, and that it would be impossible for a train to leave before night. The city being absolutely destitute of other means of transportation their request was complied with, and the time extended until eleven o'clock A.M. on 23d (Sunday). No attack was made on Sunday or Monday.

M'CLERNAND'S EXPEDITION.

General M'Clernand's expedition down the Mississippi River is now being organized at Columbus, Kentucky. It is designed to open the whole river as far as New Orleans, and will consist of a force of 40,000. The gun-boat fleet of Commodore Porter will participate in the movement. The fleet consists of ten gun-boats, carrying 121 guns. Vicksburg will probably be the most important point of attack; but with such a force, and Admiral Farragut, with his fleet of gun-boats below that city to co-operate with Porter and M'Clernand, the defenses at Vicksburg will not present any very formidable obstacles.

THE BANKS' EXPEDITION.

In the Banks' expedition New York will certainly have five regiments, Connecticut five regiments, Maine three regiments, and Massachusetts eight regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and three batteries of artillery.

SKIRMISH NEAR SUFFOLK.

Our pickets were driven in at Suffolk on 19th, but General Peck immediately sent out a force which drove all the rebels clear over the Blackwater River. The bridges across the river and the adjoining creeks are being rapidly constructed by our troops. At latest accounts every thing was quiet in that direction.

M'CLELLAN'S STAFF.

The two officers of General M'Clellan's staff who had been recently arrested and sent to Washington—Lieutenant-Colonel Colburn and Captain Duane—have been released from an arrest, which appears to have been merely technical, and are ordered to report for duty; the latter to General Brannan, in South Carolina, and the former, Colonel Colburn, takes charge of an important bureau in the Adjutant-General's office.

COST AND STATE OF OUR ARMY.

The estimates for the expenses of our army for the ensuing year are set down at four hundred and twenty-eight millions of dollars. The requisitions upon the Paymaster's Department still unpaid amount to forty-eight millions. According to the reports in the Adjutant-General's office, the number of soldiers on the sick list at this moment amounts to nearly one-sixth of the entire army in the service of the United States—namely, one hundred and six thousand men.

RELEASE OF POLITICAL PRISONERS.

An important order was issued by the War Department on 23d, which releases from custody all those now held upon charges of discouraging enlistments, opposing the draft, etc. This order will empty Forts Lafayette and Warren, and the other military prisons of many of their inmates.

CHANGE IN THE REBEL CABINET.

A change has taken place in the rebel Cabinet. General Randolph has been removed from, or has resigned, the position of Secretary of War; and James A. Seddon, of Virginia, appointed in his place.

AFFAIRS IN LOUISIANA.

A series of orders have recently been issued by General Butler, which serve as additional proof that no difficulty can arise in his Department which he is not able to grasp. The property within the District recently possessed by our forces under General Weitzel, to be known as the Lafourche District, is declared sequestered, and all sales or transfers of it are forbidden. This District comprises all the Territory of Louisiana lying west of the Mississippi, excepting the parishes of Plaquemine and Jefferson. A Commission is appointed to take possession of the District, and the sugar plantations are to be worked by them where they are not worked by their owners, and negro or white labor may be employed at discretion. All property belonging to disloyal persons is to be inventoried and sold for the benefit of the Government, under the provisions of the Confiscation Act. Another order suppresses distilleries and other manufactories of strong drink. Another one announces that any officer found drinking intoxicating liquors in any public drinking-place will be recommended to the President for dismissal from the service. Another one suppresses the newspaper known as the *National Advocate* for an improper publication. Still another prohibits the arrest of any slave unless the person arresting knows that such slave is owned by a loyal citizen. General Shepley, as Military Governor of the State, has also issued two important orders. One directs an election of two members of Congress from the First and Second Congressional Districts of the State. The election is appointed for the 3d of December, and is to fill vacancies in the Thirty-seventh Congress. The other exempts household goods from seizure to the amount of $300.

A SOUTHERN PROTEST AGAINST INTERVENTION.

General Pemberton, the successor of General Van Dorn in the command of the rebel troops in the Southwest, made a speech on assuming command in which he said: In regard to the question of interference by Europe, we want no interference in our private quarrel. [Great applause.] We must settle the question ourselves, or fail entirely. The moment England interferes, she will find us a united people, and she will have to meet with the armies of the South as well as of the North. [Cheers, and cries of "Yes, yes, yes!" from every quarter. "No interference." "Let us settle it between us."] I am glad to see you thus united on this question; and with a reliance on ourselves, and a firm trust in the God of Battles, in a few days your General will again fling your banners to the breeze and march forward to retrieve the recent disasters we have suffered in this Department.

COTTON COMING FORWARD.

Cotton is now coming into Memphis *freely*, and in large quantities, from points along the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, as far out as Corinth. The steamer *Platte Valley* brought up a load of nine hundred bales of cotton to Cairo a few days ago, which is the largest single load that has arrived since the breaking out of the rebellion. This was all she could carry at the present stage of water, and she was compelled to leave a large amount on the Memphis levee, awaiting shipment. The impression prevails at Memphis that cotton will now come in there as rapidly as steamers can be found to bring it away. West Tennessee is now about free both from the regular armies of the rebels and guerrilla bands. The last vestige of the latter were routed and driven in confusion across the Tennessee, near Fort Henry, a few days ago, by General Ransom.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE PROPOSED MEDIATION SCHEME.

The London *Gazette* publishes Earl Russell's official reply, dated November 13.

It recapitulates the circular of Drouyn de l'Huys proposing mediation. It recognizes the humane views and benevolent intentions of the Emperor; observes that the concurrence of Russia would be expressly desirable; but that up to the present time the Russian Government had not agreed to actively co-operate, although it may support the endeavors of England and France. The question for consideration was, "Whether the end proposed is attainable at the present time?"

Earl Russell then commends the decision of her Majesty's Government as follows:

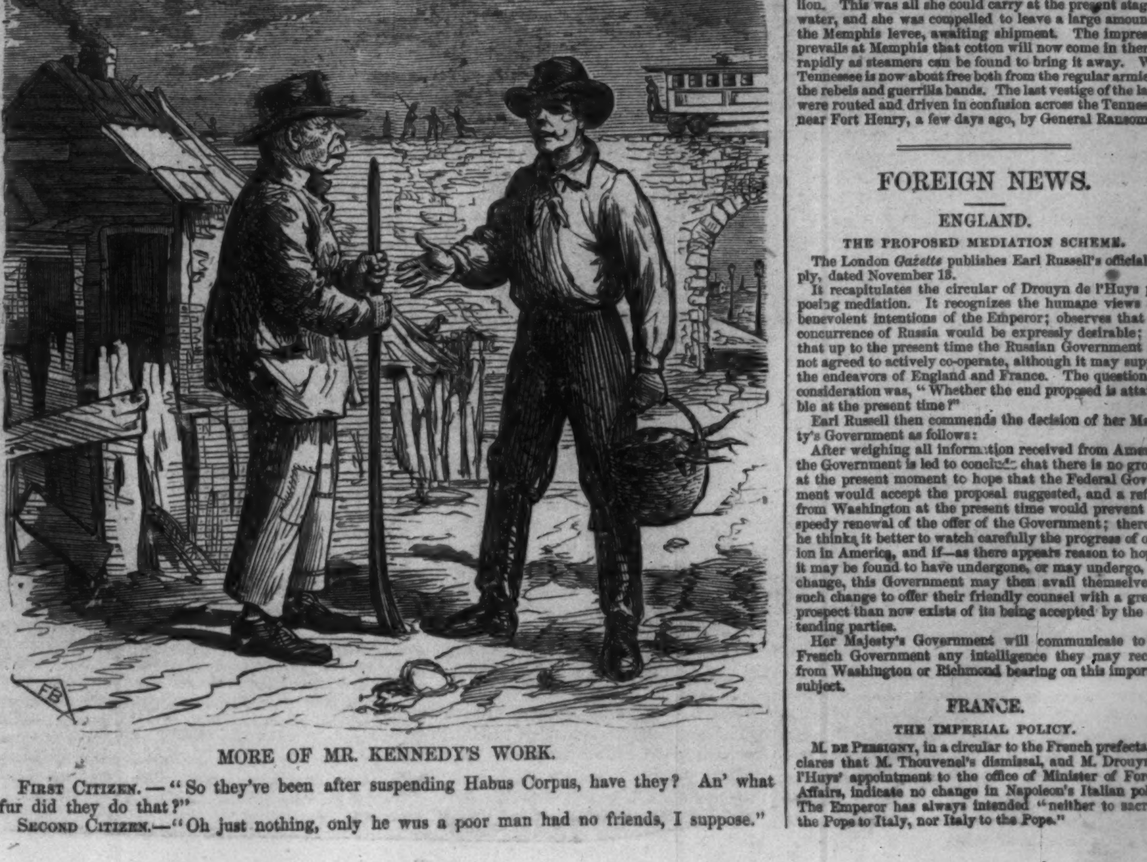
After weighing all information received from America, the Government is led to conclude that there is no ground at the present moment to hope that the Federal Government would accept the proposal suggested, and a refusal from Washington at the present time would prevent any speedy renewal of the offer of the Government; therefore he thinks it better to watch carefully the progress of opinion in America, and if—as there appears reason to hope—it may be found to have undergone, or may undergo, any change, this Government may then avail themselves of such change to offer their friendly counsel with a greater prospect than now exists of its being accepted by the contending parties.

Her Majesty's Government will communicate to the French Government any intelligence they may receive from Washington or Richmond bearing on this important subject.

FRANCE.

THE IMPERIAL POLICY.

M. de Persigny, in a circular to the French prefects, declares that M. Thouvenel's dismissal, and M. Drouyn de l'Huys' appointment to the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs, indicate no change in Napoleon's Italian policy. The Emperor has always intended "neither to sacrifice the Pope to Italy, nor Italy to the Pope."

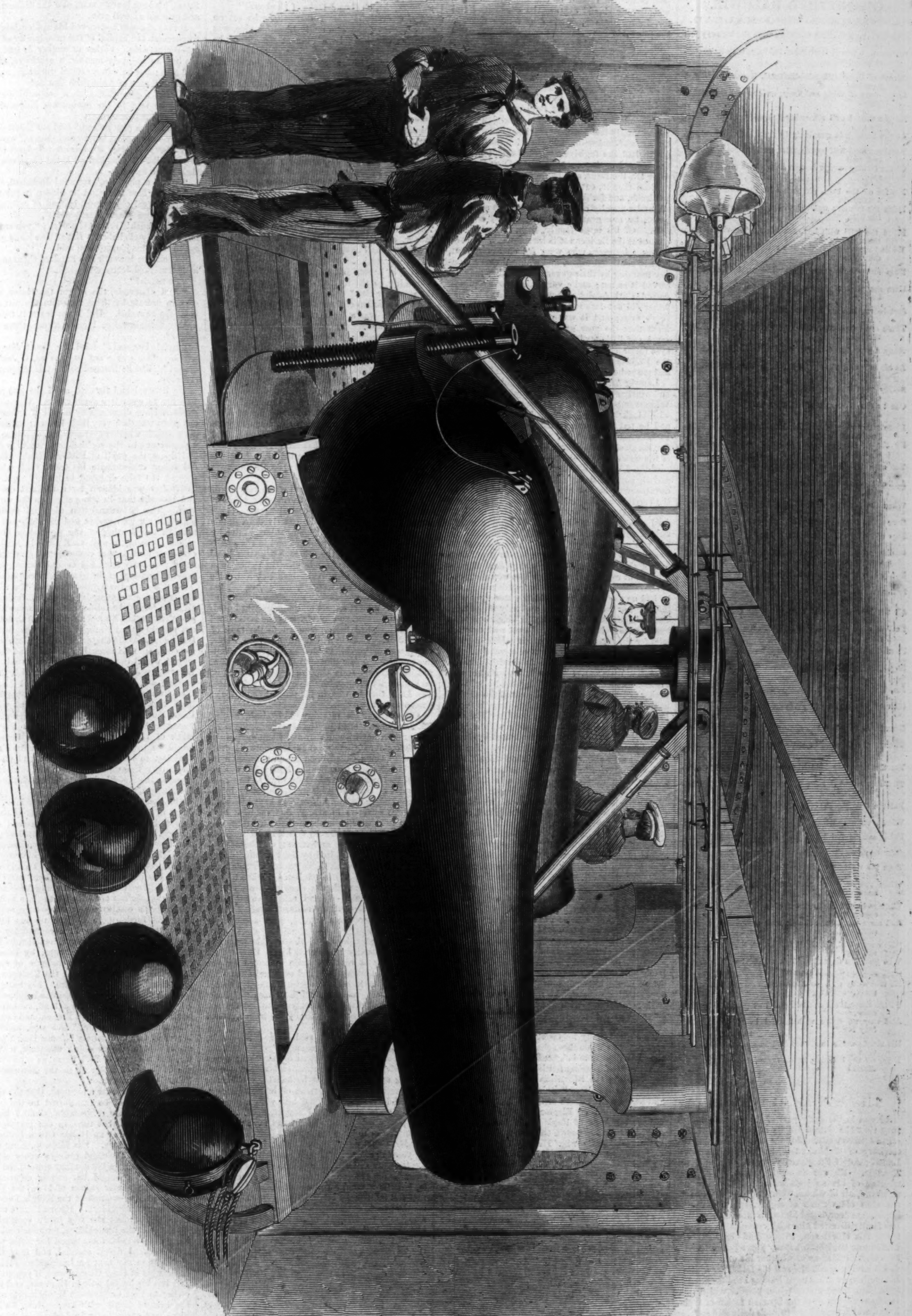


MORE OF MR. KENNEDY'S WORK.

First Citizen.—"So they've been after suspending Habus Corpus, have they? An' what fur did they do that?"

Second Citizen.—"Oh just nothing, only he wus a poor man had no friends, I suppose."

THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD "PASSAIC," AS SHE WILL APPEAR AT SEA.—[See Page 782.]



INTERIOR OF THE TURRET OF THE "PASSAIC."—[See Page 782.]

GRAND'THER BALDWIN.

A THANKSGIVING BALLAD.

Underneath protecting branches, from the highway just aloof,
Stands the house of Grand'ther Baldwin, with its gently-sloping roof.

Square of shape and solid-timbered, it was standing, I have heard,
In the days of Whig and Tory, under royal George the Third.

Many a time, I well remember, I have gazed with childish awe
At the bullet-hole remaining in the sturdy oaken door,

Turning round half-apprehensive (recking not how Time had fled)
Of the lurking savage foeman from whose musket it was sped.

Not far off the barn, plethoric with the Autumn's harvest spoils,
Holds the farmer's well-earned trophies—the guerdon of his toils,

Filled the lofts with hay, sweet-scented, ravished from the meadows green,
While beneath are stalled the cattle, with their quiet, drowsy mien.

Deep and spacious are the grain-bins, brimming o'er with Nature's gold;
Here are piles of yellow pumpkins on the barn floor loosely rolled.

Just below, in deep recesses, safe from wintry frost and chill,
There are heaps of ruddy apples from the orchard on the hill.

Many a year has Grand'ther Baldwin in the old house dwelt in peace,
As his hair each year grew whiter he has seen his herds increase.

Sturdy sons and comely daughters growing up from childish plays,
One by one have met life's duties, and gone forth their several ways.

Hushed the voice of childish laughter, hushed is childhood's merry tone,
By the fireside Grand'ther Baldwin and his Good-wife sit alone.

Yet once within the twelvemonth, when the days are short and drear,
And chill winds chant the requiem of the slowly-fading year,

When the Autumn work is over, and the harvest gathered in,
Once again the old house echoes to a now unwonted din.

Logs of hickory blaze and crackle in the fire-place huge and high,
Curling wreaths of smoke mount upward to the gray November sky.

Ruddy lads and smiling lasses, just let loose from schooldom's cares,
Patter, patter, race and clatter up and down the great hall stairs.

All the boys shall hold high revel, all the girls shall have their way—
That's the law at Grand'ther Baldwin's upon each Thanksgiving Day.

From the parlor's sacred precincts, hark! a madder uproar yet,
Roguish Charlie's playing stage-coach, *and the stage-coach has upset!*

Joe, black-eyed and laughter-loving, Grand'ther's specs his nose across,
Gravely winks at brother Willie, who is gayly playing horse.

Grandma's face is fairly radiant, Grand'ther knows not how to frown,
Though the children in their frolic turn the old house upside down.

For the boys may hold high revel, and the girls must have their way;
That's the law at Grand'ther Baldwin's upon each Thanksgiving Day.

But the dinner—ah! the dinner—words are feeble to portray
What a culinary triumph is achieved Thanksgiving Day.

Fairly groans the board with dainties, but the turkey rules the roast,
Aldermanic at the outset—at the last a fleshless ghost.

Then the richness of the pudding, and the flavor of the pie!
When you've dined at Grandma Baldwin's you will know as well as I.

When at length the feast was ended Grand'ther Baldwin bent his head,
And amid the solemn silence with a reverent voice he said:

"Now unto God, the Gracious One, we thanks and homage pay,
Who guardeth us, and guideth us, and loveth us alway!

"He scatters blessings in our paths, He giveth us increase,
He crowns us with his kindnesses, and granteth us His peace.

"Unto Himself our wandering feet we pray that He may draw,
And may we strive with faithful hearts to keep His holy law!"

His simple words in silence died—a moment's hush, and then
From all the listening hearts there rose a solemn-voiced Amen!

THE BLEEDING DIAMOND.

It was in the early part of the eighteenth century that the Grand Duchy of Schweinhundhausen, a territory situated to the northeastward of the territory of Weissnichtwo, had for its Sovereign Ludwig Adolf the Seventy-fourth, surnamed the Terrible. He was an awful tyrant. The total number of his subjects amounted to about ten thousand, all of whom, from the baby in arms to the alms old woman of eighty, spinning at the alms-house door, hated him with intense cordiality. His family detested him with remarkable unanimity. His eldest son, Prince Ludwig, had been driven into banishment many years before. Opinions were divided as to whether his exile was due to his having knocked down his father for kicking his mother, or to his papa having been detected in sprinkling some pretty white powder which glittered very much over the Spartan ration of sauer-kraut, which formed the prince's daily and solitary meal. At all events, he had been comfortably tried for high treason in his absence, and executed in effigy; while, to guard against all contingencies, the whipping-post in the market-place of Schweinhundhausen was garnished with a permanent announcement from the grand-ducal and paternal pen, offering a reward of one hundred florins to whomsoever should capture the condemned traitor, Ludwig von Porkstein (the family name of the princes of Schweinhundhausen), dead or alive. Friedrich Adolf, the second son, and usually known as Arme Fritz, or poor Fred, had merely been turned out of doors at the age of sixteen, and was supposed to be serving as a sergeant in the armies of the Kaiser. Dorothea Adolfina, the eldest daughter, rendered desperate by continual persecution, had run away with Count Putz von Putzenburg, the penniless younger son of a sovereign count, whose family had for centuries been bitter foes to the house of Porkstein. Ludwig Adolf the Seventy-fourth had the fugitive and disobedient princess duly cursed in the court chapel by Ober-Hof-Prediger Dr. Bonassus, and, having added his paternal malison thereto, cut her picture to shreds with a pen-knife, and forbidden her name to be mentioned, under penalty of the pillory and the spinning-house, by any grand-ducal subject, felt comfortable. Of his large family, then, there only remained at the Residenz of Schweinhundhausen two young princesses, who were fed on sauer-kraut, kept in continual terror, and whipped every Monday morning by their governess, whether they deserved it or not; and a very small young prince, named Carl Adolph, whom, somehow, his cruel father did not dare to ill-treat, for he had his mother's eyes; and it was only a week before his birth that the poor grand-duchess (who died *en couches* of little Carl) had looked with those same eyes (after a horrible scene in the dining-room of the Residenz) upon Ludwig the Seventy-fourth, and gasped out, "You are my murderer!"

Ludwig Adolf was a prince who did as he liked, and nearly every thing he had a liking to was bad. Whenever he put on his yellow stockings striped with black it was a sign that he meant mischief, and he put them on at least three times a week. In his grand court-suit of yellow velvet, with the famous stockings to match, his *blood*-colored ribbon of the Grand-Ducal Order—pray observe the color—of the Pig and Whistle, and a monstrous white periwig surmounting his swollen and violet-stained countenance, he indeed merited his sobriquet of the Terrible, and looked like a gigantic wasp crossed with a Bengal tiger. He had an army of a hundred and fifty men, all clothed in flaming yellow striped with black. He beat them unmercifully, but was sometimes capriciously generous, and caroused with them until unholy hours in the dining-hall of the Residenz. He was very fond of gambling; but woe be to the wretch who won money of his Sovereign! He was given to deep drinking; but he had no mercy upon the soldier whose eyes were inflamed, or whose gait was unsteady on parade. To the halberds, the picket, or the black hole with him at once! He had invented a cat with thirteen tails for the especial torture of his soldiers; but a cane was his famous instrument of correction. He caned his lackeys; he caned his children (always excepting little Carl); he caned the page who, with his knees knocking together, presented his mid-day beaker of Rhine wine to him; he caned the sentinel at the palace gate, who always had the palsy when he presented arms to Ludwig the Terrible. He would sally forth in the morning with a well-caned aid-de-camp carrying horror and confusion with him all over Schweinhundhausen. The mothers hid their children under the bed when his saffron-colored roquelaure was seen at the end of the street; the girls locked themselves in their bedrooms; the baker felt his oven become icy; the blacksmith shivered at his forge. He would kick over the old women's spinning-wheels and apple-stalls at the street corners. He would burst into the taverns, declare the measures were short, and cause all the beer to be flung into the gutter. He would invade the tribunals, thrust the Staats Procurator from his seat, bully the Assessor, and reverse the sentences, always on the side of severity. A dreadful dumbness, accompanied by a sinking of the heart into the shoes, and a quivering of the lip took place when he entered the schools and bade the Magister point out to him the worst-behaved boys. Then he would go home to the Residenz and dine on spiced and fiery meats, oftentimes flinging the plates and dishes at the heads of the servants, or kicking his secretary and chamberlain's shins under the table. He ate like a shark, drank like a hippopotamus, bellowed like a bull, swore like a trooper, and then, until it was time to have a carouse with his yellow-clad warriors, snored like a pig. In short, Ludwig Adolf the Seventy-fourth was an absolute monarch, and there were a great many monarchs as trumpery and as tyrannical as he on these charming Rhine banks in the early days of the eighteenth century.

When the far-seeing British Parliament resolved upon calling the illustrious House of Brunswick to the throne of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and when, on the death of Queen Anne, the illustrious Kurfurst or Elector of Hanover became George the First of England, mighty dreams of ambition began to course through the heated brain of Grand-Duke Ludwig. He was on friendly terms with the Elector King. He had drank deep, and played deeper still, with him. His majesty had said all kinds of flattering things to him; why not, through that august influence, now powerful in Germania, should not he exchange his duchy for an electorate, for a kingdom; or rather, why should he not create one by aggrandizing himself at the expense of his neighbors—Putzenburg, and Weissnichtwo, and Kannnichtsagen?

"It must be!" cried Ludwig Adolf, twisting his red mustaches—I forgot to tell you that a pair of red eyebrows, one of red eyelashes, and one of red mustaches, flamed beneath the white periwig—"I have said it; I must send my brother of England the Grand Cross of my order of the Pig and Whistle!"

"Indeed a sagacious, generous, and truly grand-ducal thought," murmured Mr. High Chamberlain Rappfeugel.

Ludwig Adolf could swallow any amount of flattery, yet he frowned at this compliment from the chamberlain. "Grand-ducal, grand-ducal," he grumbled between his teeth; "why not kingly, warum nicht, oh Grand-Duke of Donkeys?"

Dr. Ober-Hof-Prediger Bonassus, who sat on the other side, and who really liked his pipe, was a better courtier. In a discreet under-tone he characterized his sovereign's ideas as "truly imperial." He would have been safe for a bishopric had there been any episcopate in Schweinhundhausen.

Ludwig Adolf was appeased. "Yes," he continued, "I shall send my master of the ceremonies and introducer of embassadors"—(no diplomatists were ever accredited to the grand-duchy, but that did not in the least matter)—"Von Schaffundkalben, to London, with the gift to my brother König George. But that you, oh chamberlain, are an incorrigible ass and dunderhead I would confide the mission to you."

Mr. High Chamberlain bowed. "Your Mansuetude," he ventured to remark, "will doubtless send the much-prized decoration in gold!"

"In gold!" thundered Ludwig the Terrible. "Cow, idiot, blockhead! Thinkest thou I am a pauper, a miser? I shall send it in brilliants. The centre shall be composed of the great Schweinfleisch diamond. Let Abimelech Ben Azi, the court Jew, be sent for, to present himself here the first thing on the morrow morning, or it will be the worse for him."

At the mention of the great Schweinsfleisch diamond there was a buzz of amazement mingled with terror among the courtiers. The poor grand-duchess, deceased, had brought this celebrated gem as part of her wedding-portion. She had been a princess of Kaltbraten Schweinsfleisch, hence the name of the jewel, which was supposed to be the largest diamond not alone in Germany, but (as the Schweinhundhauseners fondly believed) in all Europe. The surprise, therefore, of the court when they heard that this priceless heir-loom was to be sent as a present to a foreign sovereign may be easily imagined. Their terror may be accounted for when it is mentioned that the great Schweinsfleisch diamond had ever been held as a jewel of evil omen, bringing misfortune upon all who were in any way concerned with it.

Although Schweinhundhausen was a very small town, it had, like most other Germanic capitals at that epoch, its Jews' Street, or Judengasse. There dwelt the few Israelites who contrived to shuffle through existence without being skinned alive by the exactions of Ludwig Adolf; and in the smallest, dirtiest house of the whole Judengasse lived certainly, next to the grand-duke, the richest man in Schweinhundhausen, Abimelech Ben Azi. He dealt in old clothes, watches, money, china, tea and coffee, snuff-boxes—any thing you please; but he was also a most expert and accomplished goldsmith and jeweler, and by virtue of the last-named qualifications had been promoted to the rank of Court Jew. Ludwig Adolf was, on the whole, very gracious to Abimelech Ben Azi, condescending to borrow a few thousand florins from him at nominal interest from time to time—not because he wanted the money, but in order to let the Court Jew know that he was, in his normal condition, a person to be squeezed.

On the morrow morning Abimelech, having been duly summoned by the court page, made his appearance, not without fear and trembling, at the Residenz; for if there be one thing more disagreeable than being called upon by an absolute monarch, it is having to call upon him. He was received by the high chamberlain, who, as he was in the habit of borrowing his quarter's salary in advance—and Ludwig Adolf always kept his courtiers three quarters in arrear, and made it high treason to ask for cash—from the Court Jew, was tolerably civil to him. In due time he was ushered into the presence, and made the numerous and lowly obeisances required by Schweinhundhausen etiquette. A cold chill, however, pervaded the spinal marrow of Abimelech Ben Azi when he saw peeping from beneath the dressing-gown of His Mansuetude (flame-colored taffeta embroidered with crimson) those direly renowned yellow stockings which, whenever donned, were assumed to mean mishief.

For a wonder, however, the terrible potentate seemed unusually placable. Little Prince Carl was playing at his feet, quite unmoved by the sight of the flaming legs, and ever and anon Ludwig Adolf would bestow a grin of affection on his youngest born, which would have been positively touching, had it not too closely resembled the leer of a hyena over some especially toothsome morsel of a shin-bone of beef.

"Mr. Court Jew," said His Mansuetude, "what is the course of exchange?"

Abimelech Ben Azi began to falter out something about thalers, florins, and marks banco, making up his mind that he had been bidden to the Presence for the purpose of being squeezed, when Ludwig Adolf stayed him with a gracious movement of his hand. I say gracious, because this prince seldom lifted his hand save to throw something or to hit somebody.

"Mr. Court Jew," he pursued, "I have a task for you to perform. That, if you fail in performing it to my satisfaction, the skin will be removed from the nape of your neck to the sole of your foot, is, I flatter myself, a sufficient guarantee for your zeal and industry. Dog! it is my desire that you set the great Schweinsfleisch diamond forthwith as a centre to the Grand Cross of the Order of the Pig and Whistle."

To hear, in all matters of business with Ludwig the Terrible, was to obey. Abimelech Ben Azi took away the great diamond with him, not without some remonstrances from little Prince Carl, who wanted to play with it; and hiding the precious bauble beneath the lappet of his gaberdine, returned to his house in the Judengasse. He had been instructed to spare no expense as to the gold for setting, and some minor gems to encircle the great diamond. He was to make it a truly imperial gift. When he reached home it was dinner-time, and his wife and seven children forthwith abandoned their mess of millet and oil, and swarmed round him to gaze upon the wondrous sheen of the great Schweinsfleisch diamond. Jochabad Spass, his long journeyman, saw the diamond too, and grinned an evil grin.

Jochabad Spass had served his apprenticeship at Swederbad, the capital of the principality of Mangel-Wurzelstein. Father or mother he had none. He had an unlovely manner, a cruel eye, and an evil grin; but he was a capital workman, and the right-hand man of Abimelech Ben Azi.

"What a pity that such a beautiful diamond should be sent to the beef-eating Englanders!" said the long journeyman.

"Ah! 'tis a pity indeed," said the Court Jew.

"Not only a pity, but a cruel shame!" exclaimed Esther, his wife; an opinion re-echoed by the seven children, who had all loved diamonds from their youth upward.

"What a pity, too," resumed Jochabad, "that even while here it should lie hidden in the treasury of a cruel old tyrant, instead of making the fortune of two honest merchants!"

"Hush, hush!" cried Abimelech; "you are talking treason, mein lieber." But still he lent a greedy ear to what his journeyman said.

"The stone is worth two hundred thousand florins," remarked Jochabad.

"So much?"

"And diamonds, the bigger the better, are so easy to imitate by those to whom the real secret has been revealed. Did I not learn it from old Father Schink before I came hither, three years since?"

"Ach! Himmel!" cried the Court Jew, in a fright. "Do you want to ruin us, O Jochabad Spass?" But he listened to the tall tempter nevertheless.

He listened and listened until the two agreed together to commit a great crime. The secret of counterfeiting diamonds by means of a fine vitreous paste was then very little known; indeed, it is questionable whether ever artisan attained so great a proficiency in the sophisticatory craft as Jochabad Spass, the pupil of Father Schink. So well did Spass consummate his fraud that, when he showed the false diamond to his accomplice, the Court Jew was himself for a moment deceived, and thought that he was gazing on the veritable gem. The Schweinsfleisch diamond itself was placed in an iron casket and carefully concealed beneath the flooring of the work-shop, the two rogues agreeing to wait until Ludwig Adolf Seventy-four died or was assassinated, or until they could slip away from his dominions and sell the jewel in some one of the great European capitals.

In due time the Grand Cross of the Pig and Whistle, with a blazing imposture, glistening with all the colors of the rainbow in its centre, was completed, and taken by Abimelech Ben Azi, not without certain inward misgivings, to the Residenz. But Ludwig Adolf suspected no foul play. It did not enter into his serenely absolute mind that any mortal would dare to play any tricks with him. He was, on the contrary, delighted with the decoration, and was pleased to say that he never thought the great Schweinsfleisch diamond could have looked so well. Thenceforward was the Court Jew in high favor, and was even given to understand by the high chamberlain that, as a mark of His Mansuetude's gracious bounty, he might be permitted, on His Mansuetude's next birthday, to leave the Judengasse and purchase, for twenty thousand florins, an old tumble-down house in the Hof-Kirch-Platz, of which the grand-duke happened to be proprietor.

On the twenty-fourth of August, 17—, Introducer of the embassadors and master of the ceremonies Schaffundkalben was dispatched on his mission. He was graciously permitted to pay his own traveling expenses, but was promised the second class of the Pig and Whistle at his return. As the subjects of the grand-duke had a curious habit of not coming back when they once got clear of the grand-ducal dominions, Ludwig Adolf took the precaution, for fear of accidents, to place Von Schaffundkalben's estates under temporary sequestration, and furthermore to lock up his daughter snugly and comfortably in a community of Lutheran canonesses. However, impelled by loyalty and fidelity, quickened, perhaps, by these little material guarantees, the Introducer of embassadors made his bow again at the Residenz within four months of his departure. He brought the warmest and most grateful acknowledgments from King George the First of England, contained in a letter couched in very bad French, and beginning, "Monsieur mon cousin," and was, besides, the bearer of two exquisitely hideous Dutch pugs, an assortment of choice china monsters, a chest of tea, and a dozen of York hams, as a present from the Majesty of England to the Mansuetude of Schweinhundhausen.

It is necessary, for a moment, that the scene of my story should be transferred to the cold and foggy, but highly respectable island I have just named. About that time, in the Haymarket of London, there was an Italian Opera House called the King's Theatre. His Majesty, King George, contributed a thousand guineas every season in order to encourage his nobility toward the patronage of that splendid but exotic entertainment. During the winter season of 17—, the principal Italian singing-woman at the King's Theatre was the famous Lusinghiera. Her real name was, I believe, Bobbo; but she was justly entitled to her sobriquet of the Lusinghiera, for none could flatter the great or twist them round her little finger as she could. I detest scandal, and it is therefore sufficient to say that La Lusinghiera found favor in the eyes of King George, who, if you remember, had left his lawful wife in Hanover, and was not, owing to that unfortunate Königsmark affair, on the best of terms with her. Now, La Lusinghiera was exceedingly fond of money, likewise of monkeys, and of macaroni; but for diamonds she had a positive passion. I believe that had she tried her best she would have flattered King George out of the crown jewels, although, constitutionally speaking, they were not his to give away; but she chose to take into her capricious head a violent

longing for that part of the Order of the Pig and Whistle which consisted of the Great Schweinsfleisch diamond. The king often wore it in private—although the gross Englanders laughed at it—for he loved every thing that reminded him of Germania. The Lusinghiera plainly told him that she would give him no more partridges and cabbage—of which dish he was immoderately fond—for supper, unless he made her a present of the much-coveted decoration. He expostulated at first, but the end of it was that the fatuous king satisfied her greed.

Partial as the Italian singing-woman was to diamonds for their natural beauty, she did not also disdain them for their intrinsic value. Her curiosity to know how much the great Schweinsfleisch diamond was worth in hard cash had speedily an opportunity of being gratified. It chanced that she wanted some ready money—say a couple of thousand guineas. As King George happened to be at Hampton Court, and she had been tugging somewhat violently at the royal purse-strings lately, La Lusinghiera condescended to seek temporary assistance from a financier who was always ready to grant it on the slight condition of some tangible security, worth at least three times the amount, being deposited with him. In fine, she stepped into her chariot, and was driven to Cranbourn Alley, to the shop of Mr. Tribulation Triball, pawnbroker. There, producing the Order of the Pig and Whistle from its grand morocco case, whereon were emblazoned the united arms of England and Schweinhundhausen ("like the fellow's impudence," King George had muttered, when he first opened his cousin's gift), she dwelt on the beauty of the great Schweinsfleisch diamond, and demanded the sum of which she stood in need.

Mr. Tribulation Triball was a discreet man, who asked very few questions in business. He would have lent money on the great seal of England, or on the Lord Mayor's mace, had either of those valuables been brought to him by ladies or gentlemen of his acquaintance. He examined the decoration very carefully; pronounced the setting to be very pretty; but, with a low bow, regretted his inability to advance more than fifty pounds on the entire ornament.

"Fifty pounds!" screamed the Lusinghiera in a rage. "What do you mean, fellow?"

"I mean, honored Madam," replied the pawnbroker, with another low bow, "that fifty pounds is very nearly the actual value of the gold and the small stones; and for fashion, as you are well aware, we allow nothing."

"Al Diavolo, your fashion!" exclaimed La Lusinghiera; "I have sacks full of gold brooches and small stones at home. 'Tis on the great diamond that I want two thousand guineas."

"Which sum I should be both proud and happy to lend," observed the pawnbroker, "but for the unfortunate circumstance that the great centre stone happens to be not worth sixpence. It is false, Madam—false as a Brummagem tester."

"False!" yelled La Lusinghiera.

"False," repeated Mr. Triball. "A marvelous good copy, I grant you, but it will not deceive such an old hand as I am. It must be one of the famous paste imitations of Father Schink. However, your ladyship must not go away empty-handed. Let us see whether we can not arrange a small loan on a note of hand."

I don't know what sum La Lusinghiera managed to borrow from Mr. Tribulation Triball; but it is certain that she did not leave the great Schweinsfleisch diamond with him in pledge. She went home in a rage, and as soon as his majesty came back from Hampton Court, she had with him what is termed in modern parlance an "explication."

Let us now return to Schweinhundhausen. It was on the twenty-fourth of August, 17—, precisely twelve months from the day when the introducer of embassadors, Von Schaffundkalben, had started on his mission, that an English courier arrived at the Residenz, and handed a packet to the high chamberlain, who in turn handed it to His Mansuetude. Ludwig Adolf received it with a smile, and ordered the courier to be sumptuously entertained in the buttery. He came from his cousin of England, and the grand-duke felt certain that he must be the bearer of at least the British Order of the Garter.

Ludwig the Terrible opened the packet, perused a letter which it contained, and was soon afterward seen to turn blue. Then he tore open the inner envelope of the packet and turned crimson. Then he cast something upon the ground and trampled it beneath his heel. Then he ordered his yellow stockings. Then he began to curse and to kick his pages. Eventually he turned to the high chamberlain, flung him the letter, and thundered forth, "Read that!"

The missive was not from the King of England, but from his majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who, in terms of contemptuous frigidity, "begged leave to return the spurious jewel sent to his Britannic Majesty, and had the honor to remain."

By this time Ludwig the Terrible was foaming at the mouth. "Spurious," he gasped, "spurious! I see it all. Rascal, robber. Quick, twelve halberdiers, and let Abimelech Ben Azi, and the dog who is his journeyman, be brought hither."

It was about twelve at noon that Jochabad Spass was smoking his after-dinner pipe—they dined at eleven in Schweinhundhausen—at the door of his master's shop in the Judengasse. He looked up the street and down the street, when suddenly round the corner which gave on to the Hof-Kirche-Platz, he saw two of the yellow and black halberdiers make their appearance. The Court Jew's house was just at the other extremity of the street, and as soon as Jochabad saw halberdiers one and two succeeded by halberdiers three and four, than Jochabad Spass, who, if he were indeed a dog, was a very sly one, slipped round the corner of the opposite extremity of the street.

"Good-by to Schweinhundhausen," he said, philosophically, running meanwhile as fast as his legs would carry him. "There is a storm brewing. It will be a bad day for the house-father. What a pity I had not time to secure the casket!"

The twelve halberdiers arrived at Abimelech Ben Azi's house, seized upon that unfortunate Israelite, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of his wife and children, bound his hands tightly behind his back, and playfully plodded him up the Judengasse, across the Hof-Kirche-Platz, and so through the avenue of linden-trees to the Residenz.

But he was not received in the Hall of Audience. No; the Hall of Justice was the destination of the wretched man. As a preliminary measure he was taken into the guard-room and loaded with heavy fetters, and then he was dragged down a couple of flight of slimy stairs into this so much dreaded Hall of Justice—a gloomy, underground apartment, supported by massive stone pillars, and illumined only by two grated windows on a level with the pavement of the court-yard.

At the upper end of the hall sat Ludwig the Terrible in a great crimson arm-chair. Facing him, a few paces distant, was another chair, empty, and behind it stood, mute and grim, a swarthy man in a blacksmith's apron, and with his sleeves rolled up to the elbows, whom the unfortunate Ben Azi knew well to be Hans Dummergeist, sworn scourger, headsman, and tormentor to the Grand Duke.

"Good-day, Mr. Court Jew," said Ludwig Adolf, with affected courtesy, as the prisoner was brought in tottering between two halberdiers. "What is the course of exchange, Mr. Court Jew?"

The miserable man's lips moved convulsively, but he could articulate nothing.

"What is the price of diamonds?" the Grand Duke continued, his voice rising to a yell of derision. "How stands the great Schweinsfleisch diamond quoted in the market?"

The Court Jew made a desperate effort: "The great Schweinsfleisch diamond," he faltered, "did not your highness intrust it to me to set, and did you not send it as centre-piece of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Pig and Whistle to his Majesty the King of England?"

"Oh, inconceivably mangy and thievish dog," roared Ludwig Adolf, now losing all command of himself, "behold and tremble!" And he thrust beneath the nose of the unhappy Court Jew an open leathern case, in which he saw lying in confused fragments the decoration he had made, and in its midst the spurious diamond.

"Court Jew," continued Ludwig Adolf, with a growl like that of a hungry bear, "you and I will pass the afternoon together. But first, egregious and impudent knave, where is the diamond—the real diamond—the great Schweinsfleisch diamond you have robbed me of?"

In vain did Abimelech Ben Azi protest that he knew nothing about it; that he had set the real stone as he had been ordered to do; that it must have been taken out, and a false one substituted for it in England; that he was as innocent as the babe unborn. He was, by the command of the Grand Duke, bound down in the great arm-chair facing that tyrant, and to extort confession the dreadful infliction known as the Osnaburg torture was applied to him. For a long time he held out; but after three applications of the torture—after the boots had been applied to his legs and the thumbscrews to his fingers, his fortitude gave way, and in scarce audible accents he confessed his guilt, and described the place beneath the flooring of his work-shop, where, in its iron casket, the great Schweinsfleisch diamond was to be found. The fury of Ludwig Adolf was still further heightened, when, commanding Jochabad Spass to be brought before him in order that he too, as with grim facetiousness he expressed it, might make "a journey to Osnaburg," he was informed that the long journeyman had escaped. How he managed it was never known, but from that day Jochabad Spass was never seen in Schweinhundhausen.

Another detachment of halberdiers, accompanied by the high chamberlain, was dispatched with chisels and sledge-hammers to the Judengasse, and during their absence restoratives were forced down the throat of Abimelech Ben Azi, who remained still bound to the arm-chair, Ludwig Adolf glaring upon him like a boa-constrictor upon a rabbit.

In half an hour's time the messengers returned with an iron casket, which with their united strength they had not been able to break open. The deplorable Court Jew, however, made signs that the key would be found hung round his neck. Search being made, this proved to be the case, and at length the long ravished gem was placed in the hands of Ludwig the Terrible.

I have heard that the tyrant kissed it, and fondled it, and called it by endearing names; then that taking the true diamond in one hand and the false one in the other, he thrust each alternately beneath the nose of his captive, crying, "Smell it, Mr. Court Jew, smell it!" I have heard that all the tortures the wretched creature had already undergone were repeated over and over again in sheer wantonness; that the false diamond was heated in a brazier, and, held between pincers, forced into the prisoner's naked flesh. His screams were appalling. Two of the halberdiers fainted. Even the sworn tormentor was heard to mutter "Es ist genug." On being called upon for an explanation, he replied that he did not consider the patient could endure any more without nature giving way.

"It *is* enough then," Luwig Adolf the Seventy-fourth acquiesced with a darkling scowl. "Mr. Sworn Headsman be good enough to fetch your sword this way."

At the mention of the word sword Abimelech Ben Azi, who had been in a semi-swoon, set up a horrifying yell. In the most piteous terms he besought forgiveness. He essayed to drag himself toward his persecutor, as though to embrace his knees, when, in his frantic efforts, he lost his balance, and the heavy chair fell over on the top of him as he, still bound to it, groveled at the feet of Ludwig the Terrible.

"Set him up again," thundered the merciless prince; "and, headsman, dispatch. I'll teach him to steal my diamonds!"

The last dreadful deed was soon done. The headsman brought his long sharp sword—a double-handed one with a hollow blade filled with quicksilver, which, as the point was depressed, ran downward from the hilt, giving increased momentum to the blow. The headsman was as expert as those generally are who serve absolute monarchs. Grasping the hilt of his weapon with both hands, and inclining his body backward and laterally he swept off with one semi-circular blow the head of Abimelech Ben Azi. Again the body with its chair fell forward at the feet of the tyrant—the head rolled many paces away, and a cascade of blood sprinkled the faces and dresses of the terrified beholders.

It is said that one blood-drop from this shower fell upon the great Schweinsfleisch diamond, which the grand-duke, as though loth to part with it, still held in his hand. With a horrid laugh he licked the gout from the surface of the stone, and spurning the body of the Court Jew with his foot, stalked up stairs to carouse with his ruffians. When he staggered into his bedchamber late that night, he put his hand in his pocket to take forth the diamond. It felt wet and clammy, and when he brought it to the light it was dabbled in blood.

On the twenty-fourth of August in every year, every year that has elapsed since that frightful scene in the Hall of Justice at Schweinhundhausen—from sunrise until sunset—a drop of blood stands on that fatal diamond. It has gone through strange vicissitudes, passed through many hands, been an heir-loom in many families; but that drop of gore has never failed to make its appearance on the great Schweinsfleisch diamond on the anniversary of the murder of Abimelech Ben Azi, the Court Jew, by Ludwig Adolf the Seventy-fourth, of Schweinhundhausen, surnamed the Terrible.

JESSIE UNDERHILL'S THANKSGIVING.

IT was the evening before Thanksgiving.

The great maples in the door-yard that had blazed so long in russet and golden fire had showered the last withered leaves upon the path; the creeping vine on the piazza columns glowed scarlet in the misty autumn air, and the woods in the valley were stained with the bloody footsteps of many a midnight frost. And yet Hezekiah Underhill, standing pensively polishing his spectacles before the fire, was not satisfied with Nature's great kaleidoscope of color.

"It don't seem just right!" soliloquized Hezekiah, "not to have a genuine snow-storm afore Thanksgivin'!"

"Take things as you find 'em, father!" said Mrs. Hezekiah, a stirring body who never stood still long enough to give a wrinkle time to settle down on her face, and whose coffee-colored cap ribbons, owing to "perpetual motion," seemed exactly like brown birds continually on the wing. "Elder Jones says there's nothin' but what's for the best!"

"Well there's no harm in wishin', I s'pose," said Hezekiah, argumentatively.

"No," said Mrs. Underhill; "but if *I* was goin' to wish, 'twouldn't be for such a little thing as a fall o' snow. I know what *I'd* give a big apple for."

"What?" questioned Hezekiah, rather surprised at his contented helpmate's expressing any ungratified desire.

The little woman fluttered up close to him, and there was a liquid glimmer in the eyes she raised to his face.

"Think of the many, many empty seats there'll be around the Thanksgivin' firesides to-morrow, Hezekiah! Oh, if I could have *my* wish, I'd bring 'em all back from the graves upon the battle-field, and from the weary hospitals. Think of our Jared, keepin' guard along the Potomac; think of Hiram Steele's brave boy wounded under the very flag he fought for and dying in a strange land!"

"*Do* you think he will die, Aunt Mary?"

A slight figure was clinging to Hezekiah's arm, and a pale, pretty face, with bands of shining black hair and wild startled eyes, was turned upward in breathless suspense.

"There now, I do say for't, I never meant *she* should hear! I s'posed she was up stairs!" ejaculated the flurried old lady. "No, dear, I hope he'll get better; any way it's our duty to hope for the best. That's what Elder Jones said only last Sabbath day!"

"Uncle, tell me, *do* they think he will die?" repeated the girl, turning to the old man, as if she had neither heard nor heeded her aunt's words.

"Child, how should *I* know? You've asked me that self-same question forty times this last week if you've asked it once," said Hezekiah, good-humoredly. "S'posin' he *don't* get well, why should you fret about it? When he went away, six months ago, you was a-flirtin' with Harry Mossmore, and playin' with his feelins just exactly as our cat teases a mouse. Didn't I hear you with my own ears tellin' Frank Steele he was nothin' more'n a friend to you, and you wondered at his presumption in ever supposin' he could be any thing more?"

"I never meant it, uncle!" sobbed the girl, "never! It was that mad spirit of coquetry that possessed me, I scarce know how. The words had not passed my lips before I would have given worlds to recall them. But oh! the punishment is greater than I can bear. Tell me, uncle, do they believe he will die? Oh, if *I* could die, too!"

"He is in God's hands, my child," said the old man, solemnly, "and He who raised the widow's son at Nain, and brought Lazarus back to life, will not fail to do all things well. Trust in Him, Jessie, and pray to Him."

Jessie Underhill scarce heard the old man's words; she had resumed her seat by the window, and was gazing sadly out upon the gold and incarnadine of the sunset as it flamed above the western pine forests, likening it in her own mind to the flash of cannon and the dreadful stains of blood upon the battle-field. And with the throbbings of her heart rose and fell the treasured bit of paper cut from the list of "Wounded" in the daily journal, and containing but one line—"*Francis Steele, Private, Dangerously.*"

Hezekiah Underhill looked at his niece's drooping figure, while strange contortions passed over his weather-beaten features. Once or twice he opened his mouth and shut it again with a click like the spring of a steel trap; once or twice he made an involuntary step toward her, and then resumed his former posture as if by an effort.

"No, no!" he muttered between his teeth, fairly beating a retreat, and never pausing until he was out under the tossing boughs of the old maples. "She's daughter, and niece, and every thing else to me; but I can't do it! It would spoil all! Poor Jessie, poor little broken-hearted dove!"

Was Hezekiah Underhill demented that he should break out into that strange smothered chuckle, even while the tears were streaming down his cheeks? Certain it was that he conducted himself very strangely all that evening, reading the newspaper with its columns upside down, depositing the pitcher of cider in his wife's work-basket, and finally bringing down on his devoted head that lady's remonstrances by stirring the fire with his snuff-box, and trying to put the poker in his waistcoat pocket.

"Hezekiah, are you crazy?" ejaculated Mrs. Underhill.

"Well, no, not exactly," said Hezekiah, sheepishly; "but I *do* feel kind o' elevated. Come up to the fire, Jessie; don't sit 'way off in the cold. That's right, puss—nestle down in your old chimney-corner seat. That's the way you and Frank Steele used to sit together when you were children."

"Father!" exclaimed Mrs. Underhill, reproachfully, as Jessie burst out crying, with her face hidden on her aunt's knee.

"I didn't mean to," apologized Hezekiah; but even then his face was in a glow with something brighter than the genial shine of the fire-light.

It was evident that Hezekiah was glorying in the mystery of some wonderful secret. And never did any secret struggle so desperately for disclosure as Hezekiah's on that Thanksgiving eve. But he kept it. For the honor of mankind let it be recorded that Hezekiah Underhill *kept his secret*.

Of course it's no use trying. Soyer himself, even were he gifted with the descriptive powers of the wizard of Waverley, never could have given you any idea of Mrs. Underhill's Thanksgiving dinner. The brown, crackling turkey, unctuous with stuffing and oleaginous with rivulets of gravy; the pyramids of crimson quivering jellies; the green crisp pickles; the battalion of pumpkin-pies, nestling like amber lakelets in shores of russet crust; the pudding, a triumphant mystery of culinary art; the whole dictionary would fall short in expressing the plenteous glories of that feast of fatness.

Hezekiah disappeared soon after breakfast—whither he had gone nobody knew, for all the explanation he vouchsafed to his wife was that he "was goin' to bring company home to dinner." But punctual to the noon-mark on the kitchen-floor he returned, and not alone.

Jessie was in her own room, thinking sorrowfully and crying a little between whiles, when Mrs. Underhill came up with flushed cheek and a voice strangely tremulous.

"Darling, your uncle wants you to come down stairs!"

"Indeed, aunt, I had rather not;" and Jessie shrank involuntarily into her chair.

"But he has brought home a friend, dear, and would like—"

"Oh no, aunt! *Please* let me stay here—I have such a dread of strange faces just now."

"My dearest, but your uncle particularly wishes it! Come, there's a good girl!—let me smooth your hair and put on your pink-ribbon bows. *Now* you look sweetly!"

Mrs. Underhill's hand shook and her eyes overflowed while she fastened the simple brooch in Jessie's collar.

"Why, aunty, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Jessie—nothing. Come, are you ready?"

Hezekiah Underhill stood in the middle of the room as they entered; and beside him Jessie's bewildered vision took cognizance of yet another figure.

She stopped with dilated eyes and pallid cheek; her brain seemed in a whirl; but when the mist cleared from her sight she was clasped to Frank Steele's breast—the noble breast that had borne the brunt of battle's fiercest tide—the breast that should evermore be her shelter and her resting-place!

"Jessie, will you take me, pale, and scarred, and sickly? Will you be my wife?"

"I will love you all my life long!"

That was all they said—but it was enough.

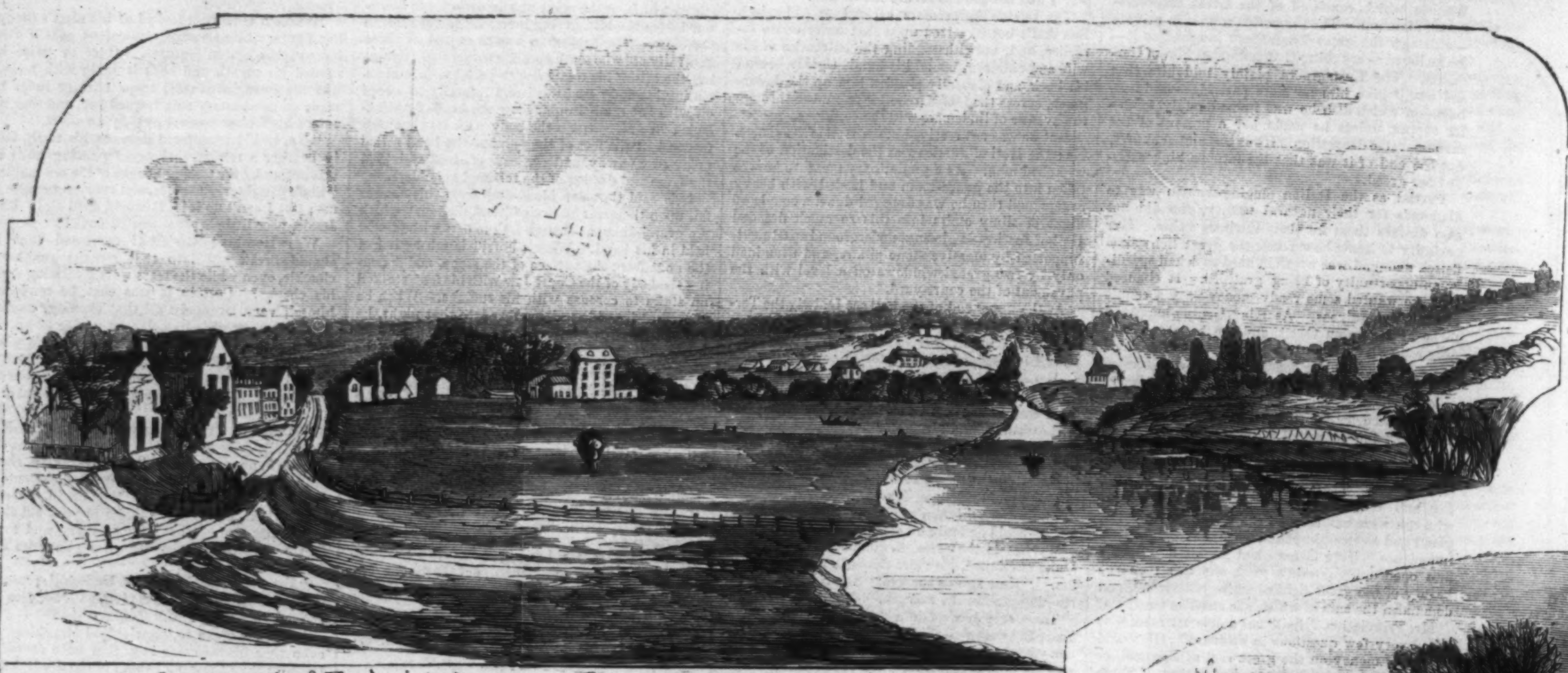
"But, Frank, tell me how it all happened!"

"It was your uncle's plot, love. I was lying in the hospital—sick, wounded, dying, as I thought—when his letter came, telling me of your remorse at what you fancied was your unkindness. It was written without your knowledge; but, Jessie, it was like a draught of immortality, an elixir of life to me. I grew better under the very eyes of the surgeon, who had told me I was a doomed man. And here I am, on sick leave, to hear my happiness again from your own lips."

The sweet lips confirmed his hope—but it was not in words!

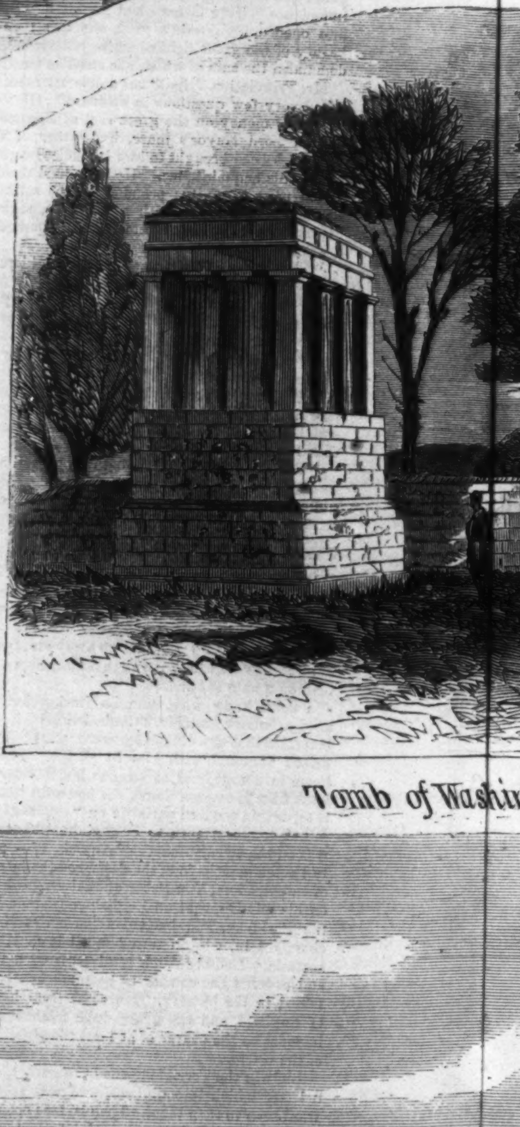
"I declare," said Hezekiah, rubbing his hands gleefully, "it seems jest like a story in a printed book! But there was one time I thought I should have let the cat out of the bag—when you sat *cryin'* by the window last night, Jessie. But I'm glad I didn't tell. Frank wanted to surprise you, and I guess he's done it!"

Frank Steele, sitting before the merry Thanksgiving blaze, with Jessie's hand in his, felt that the great reward for all those midnight watches and perilous battles had come at last. May every gallant soldier in the land reap the same sweet harvest!



Lower part of Fredericksburg Falmouth.

Stockaded bridge and Blockhouse.



Tomb of Washin

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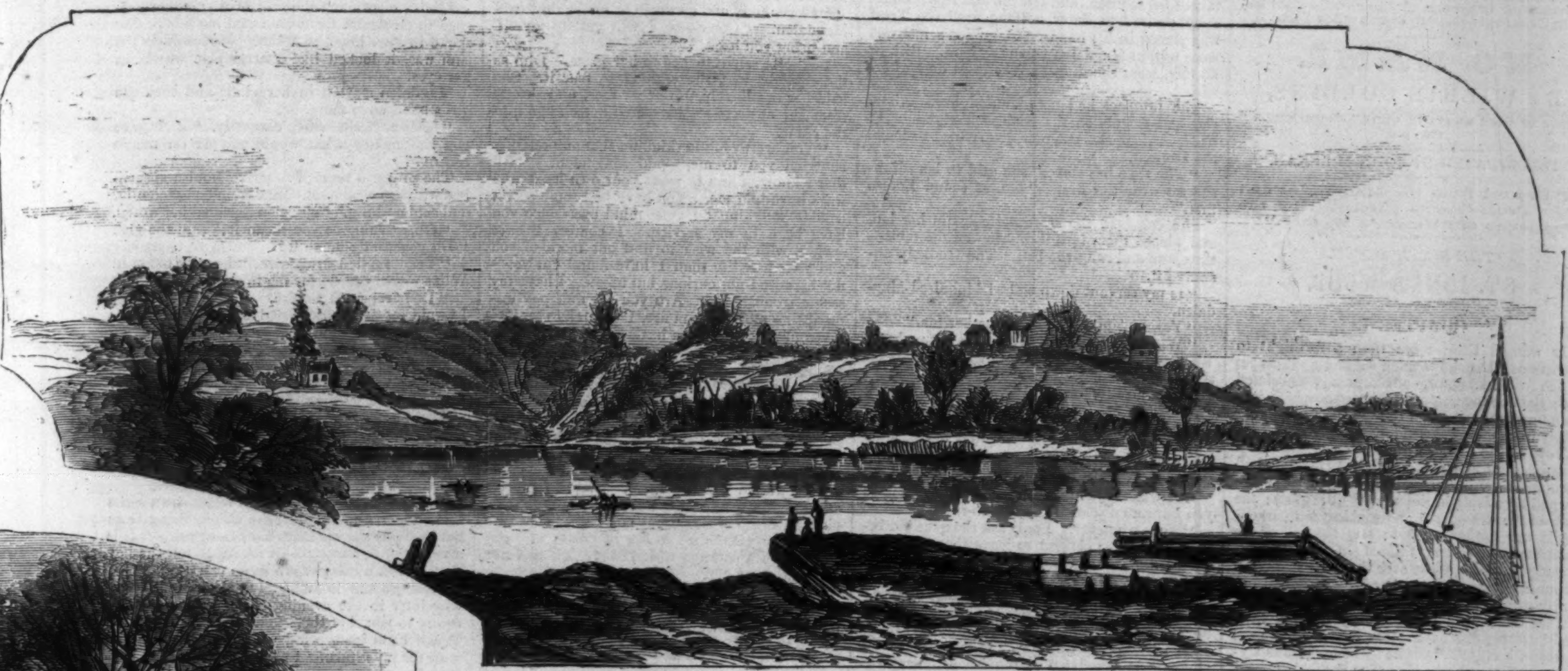
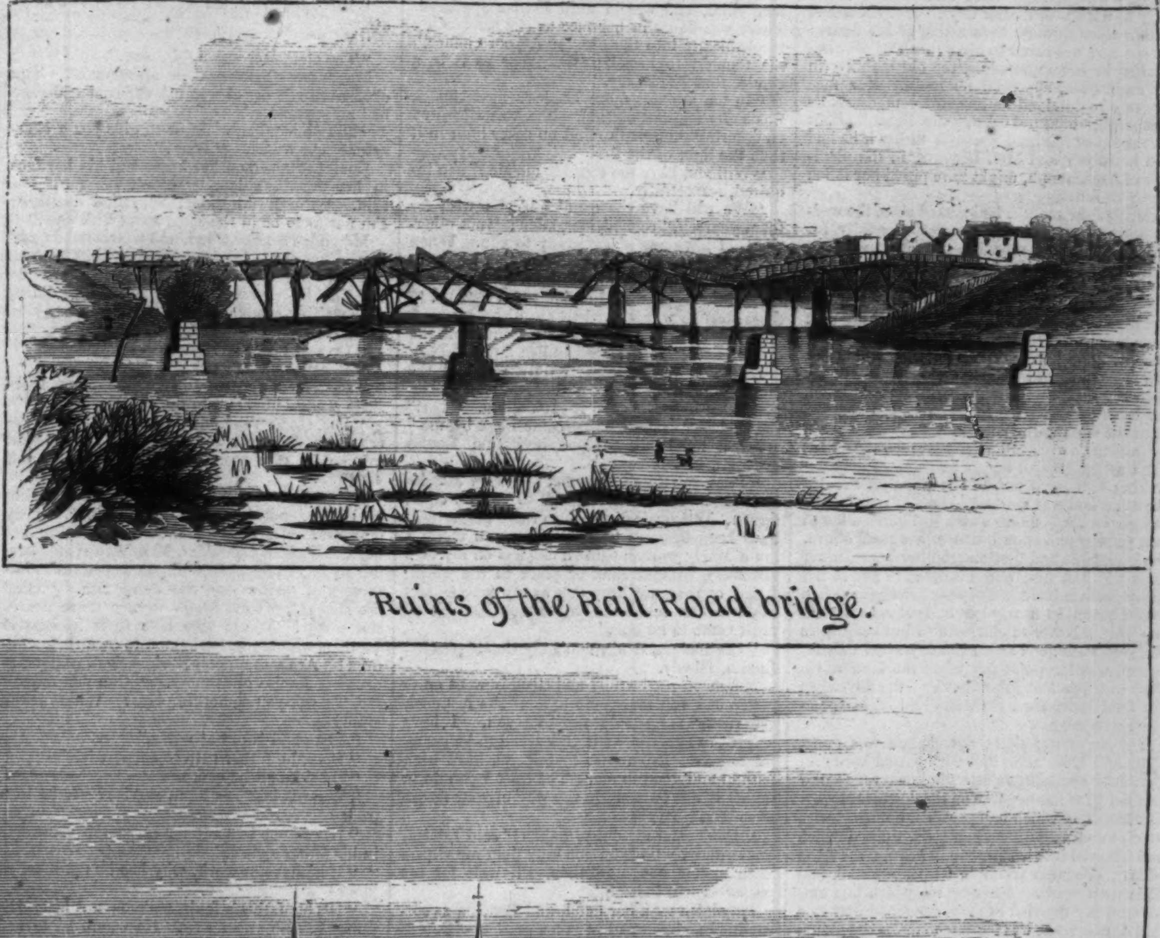


Wrecks of Steamers burned by the Rebels.

shington's Mother



Ruins of the Rail Road bridge.

d its Vicinity.—[See Page 782.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET" ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

THE SIXTH SCENE.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

CHAPTER I.

IT wanted little more than a fortnight to Christmas; but the weather showed no signs yet of the frost and snow, conventionally associated with the coming season. The atmosphere was unnaturally warm; and the old year was dying feebly in sapping rain and enervating mist.

Toward the close of the December afternoon Magdalen sat alone in the lodging which she had occupied since her arrival in London. The fire burned sluggishly in the narrow little grate; the view of the wet houses and soaking gardens opposite was darkening fast; and the bell of the suburban muffin-boy tinkled in the distance drearily. Sitting close over the fire, with a little money lying loose in her lap, Magdalen absently shifted the coins to and fro on the smooth surface of her dress; incessantly altering their positions toward each other, as if they were pieces of a child's "puzzle" which she was trying to put together. The dim firelight flaming up on her faintly from time to time showed changes which would have told their own tale sadly to friends of former days. Her dress had become loose through the wasting of her figure; but she had not cared to alter it. The old restlessness in her movements, the old mobility in her expression, appeared no more. Her face passively maintained its haggard composure, its changeless, unnatural calm. Mr. Pendril might have softened his hard sentence on her if he had seen her now; and Mrs. Lecount, in the plenitude of her triumph, might have pitied her fallen enemy at last.

Hardly four months had passed since the wedding-day at Aldborough; and the penalty for that day was paid already—paid in unavailing remorse, in hopeless isolation, in irremediable defeat! Let this be said for her; let the truth which has been told of the fault be told of the expiation as well. Let it be recorded of her that she enjoyed no secret triumph on the day of her success. The horror of herself with which her own act had inspired her had risen to its climax when the design of her marriage was achieved. She had never suffered in secret as she suffered when the Combe-Raven money was left to her in her husband's will. She had never felt the means taken to accomplish her end so unutterably degrading to herself as she felt them on the day when the end was reached. Out of that feeling had grown the remorse which had hurried her to seek pardon and consolation in her sister's love. Never since it had first entered her heart, never since she had first felt it sacred to her at her father's grave, had the Purpose to which she had vowed herself so nearly lost its hold on her as at this time. Never might Norah's influence have achieved such good as on the day when that influence was lost—the day when the fatal words were overheard at Miss Garth's—the day when the fatal letter from Scotland told of Mrs. Lecount's revenge.

The harm was done, the chance was gone. Time and Hope alike had both passed her by.

Faintly and more faintly the inner voices now pleaded with her to pause on the downward way. The discovery which had poisoned her heart with its first distrust of her sister; the tidings which had followed it of her husband's death; the sting of Mrs. Lecount's triumph, felt through all, had done their work. The remorse which had embittered her married life was deadened now to a dull despair. It was too late to make the atonement of confession—too late to lay bare to the miserable husband the deeper secrets that had once lurked in the heart of the miserable wife. Innocent of all thought of the hideous treachery which Mrs. Lecount had imputed to her, she was guilty of knowing how his health was broken when she married him; guilty of knowing, when he left her the Combe-Raven money, that the accident of a moment, harmless to other men, might place his life in jeopardy, and effect her release. His death had told her this, had told her plainly what she had shrunk in his lifetime from openly acknowledging to herself. From the dull torment of that reproach; from the dreary wretchedness of doubting every body, even to Norah herself; from the bitter sense of her defeated schemes; from the blank solitude of her friendless life, what refuge was left? But one refuge now. She turned to the relentless Purpose which was hurrying her to her ruin, and cried to it with the daring of her despair—Drive me on!

For days and days together she had bent her mind on the one object which occupied it since she had received the lawyer's letter. For days and days together she had toiled to meet the first necessity of her position—to find a means of discovering the Secret Trust. There was no hope this time of assistance from Captain Wragge. Long practice had made the old militiaman an adept in the art of vanishing. The plow of the moral agriculturist left no furrows—not a trace of him was to be found! Mr. Loscombe was too cautious to commit himself to an active course of any kind; he passively maintained his opinion, and left the rest to his client—he desired to know nothing until the Trust was placed in his hands. Magdalen's interests were now in Magdalen's own sole care. Risk or no risk, what she did next she must do by herself.

The prospect had not daunted her. Alone she had calculated the chances that might be tried. Alone she was now determined to make the attempt.

"The time has come," she said to herself, as she sat over the fire. "I must sound Louisa first."

She collected the scattered coins in her lap, and placed them in a little heap on the table—then rose and rang the bell. The landlady answered it.

"Is my servant down stairs?" inquired Magdalen.

"Yes, ma'am. She is having her tea."

"When she has done, say I want her up here. Wait a moment. You will find your money on the table—the money I owe you for last week. Can you find it? or would you like to have a candle?"

"It's rather dark, ma'am."

Magdalen lit a candle. "What notice must I give you," she asked, as she put the candle on the table, "before I leave?"

"A week is the usual notice, ma'am. I hope you have no objection to make to the house?"

"None whatever. I only ask the question because I may be obliged to leave these lodgings rather sooner than I had anticipated. Is the money right?"

"Quite right, ma'am. Here is your receipt."

"Thank you. Don't forget to send Louisa to me as soon as she has done her tea."

The landlady withdrew. As soon as she was alone again Magdalen extinguished the candle, and drew an empty chair close to her own chair on the hearth. This done, she resumed her former place, and waited until Louisa appeared. There was doubt in her face as she sat looking mechanically into the fire. "A poor chance," she thought to herself; "but, poor as it is, a chance that I must try."

In ten minutes more Louisa's meek knock was softly audible outside. She was surprised on entering the room to find no other light in it than the light of the fire.

"Will you have the candles, ma'am?" she inquired, respectfully.

"We will have the candles if you wish for them yourself," replied Magdalen; "not otherwise. I have something to say to you. When I have said it you shall decide whether we sit together in the dark or in the light."

Louisa waited near the door, and listened to those strange words in silent astonishment.

"Come here," said Magdalen, pointing to the empty chair; "come here and sit down."

Louisa advanced and timidly removed the chair from its position at her mistress's side. Magdalen instantly drew it back again. "No!" she said. "Come closer—come close by me." After a moment's nervous hesitation Louisa obeyed.

"I ask you to sit near me," pursued Magdalen, "because I wish to speak to you on equal terms. Whatever distinctions there might once have been between us are now at an end. I am a lonely woman thrown helpless on my own resources, without rank or place in the world. I may or may not keep you as my friend. As mistress and maid the connection between us must come to an end."

"Oh, ma'am, don't, don't say that!" pleaded Louisa, faintly.

Magdalen sorrowfully and steadily went on.

"When you first came to me," she resumed, "I thought I should not like you. I have learned to like you—I have learned to be grateful to you. From first to last you have been faithful and good to me. The least I can do in return is not to stand in the way of your future prospects."

"Don't send me away, ma'am!" said Louisa, imploringly. "If you can only help me with a little money now and then, I'll wait for my wages—I will indeed."

Magdalen took her hand, and went on as sorrowfully and as steadily as before.

"My future life is all darkness, all uncertainty," she said. "The next step I take may lead me to my prosperity or may lead me to my ruin. Can I ask you to share such a prospect as this? If your future was as uncertain as mine is—if you, too, were a friendless woman thrown on the world—my conscience might be easy in letting you cast your lot with mine. I might accept your attachment, for I might feel I was not wronging you. How can I feel this in your case? You have a future to look to. You are an excellent servant; you can get another place—a far better place than mine. You can refer to me; and if the character I give is not considered sufficient, you can refer to the mistress you served before me—"

At the instant when that reference to the girl's last mistress escaped Magdalen's lips Louisa snatched her hand away, and started up affrightedly from her chair. There was a moment's silence. Both mistress and maid were equally taken by surprise. Magdalen was the first to recover herself.

"Is it getting too dark?" she asked, significantly. "Are you going to light the candles after all?"

Louisa drew back into the dimmest corner of the room.

"You suspect me, ma'am!" she answered out of the darkness in a breathless whisper. "Who has told you? How did you find out—?" She stopped and burst into tears. "I deserve your suspicion," she said, struggling to compose herself. "I can't deny it to *you*. You have treated me so kindly; you have made me so fond of you! Forgive me, Mrs. Vanstone—I am a wretch; I have deceived you."

"Come here, and sit down by me again," said Magdalen. "Come—or I will get up myself and bring you back."

Louisa slowly returned to her place. Dim as the firelight was, she seemed to fear it. She held her handkerchief over her face, and shrank from her mistress as she seated herself again in the chair.

"You are wrong in thinking that any one has betrayed you to me," said Magdalen. "All that I know of you is what your own looks and ways have told me. You have had some secret trouble weighing on your mind ever since you have been in my service. I confess I have spoken with the wish to find out more of you and your past life than I have found out yet—not because I am curious, but because I have my secret troubles too. Are you an unhappy woman, like me? If you are, I will take you into my confidence. If you have nothing to tell me—if you choose to keep your secret—I don't blame you; I only say, Let us part. I won't ask how you have deceived me. I will only remember that you have been an honest, and faithful, and competent servant while I have employed you—and I will say as much in your favor to any new mistress you like to send to me."

She waited for the reply. For a moment, and only for a moment, Louisa hesitated. The girl's nature was weak, but not depraved. She was honestly attached to her mistress; and she spoke with a courage which Magdalen had not expected from her.

"If you send me away, ma'am," she said, "I won't take my character from you till I have told you the truth; I won't return your kindness by deceiving you a second time. Did my master ever tell you how he engaged me?"

"No. I never asked him, and he never told me."

"He engaged me, ma'am, with a written character—"

"Yes?"

"The character was a false one."

Magdalen drew back in amazement. The confession she heard was not the confession she had anticipated.

"Did your mistress refuse to give you a character?" she asked. "Why?"

Louisa dropped on her knees and hid her face in her mistress's lap. "Don't ask me!" she said. "I'm a miserable, degraded creature; I'm not fit to be in the same room with you!"

Magdalen bent over her, and whispered a question in her ear. Louisa whispered back the one sad word of reply.

"Has he deserted you?" asked Magdalen, after waiting a moment, and thinking first.

"No."

"Do you love him?"

"Dearly."

The remembrance of her own loveless marriage stung Magdalen to the quick.

"For God's sake, don't kneel to *me!*" she cried, passionately. "If there is a degraded woman in this room I am the woman, not you!"

She raised the girl by main force from her knees, and put her back in the chair. They both waited a little in silence. Keeping her hand on Louisa's shoulder, Magdalen seated herself again, and looked with an unutterable bitterness of sorrow into the dying fire. "Oh," she thought, "what happy women there are in the world! Wives who love their husbands! Mothers who are not ashamed to own their children! Are you quieter?" she asked, gently addressing Louisa once more. "Can you answer me, if I ask you something else? Where is the child?"

"The child is out at nurse."

"Does the father help to support it?"

"He does all he can, ma'am."

"What is he? Is he in service? Is he in a trade?"

"His father is a master-carpenter—he works in his father's yard."

"If he has got work, why has he not married you?"

"It's his father's fault, ma'am—not his. His father has no pity on us. He would be turned out of house and home if he married me."

"Can he get no work elsewhere?"

"It's hard to get good work in London, ma'am. There are so many in London—they take the bread out of each other's mouths. If we had only had the money to emigrate, he would have married me long since."

"Would he marry you if you had the money now?"

"I am sure he would, ma'am. He could get plenty of work in Australia, and double and treble the wages he gets here. He is trying hard, and I am trying hard, to save a little toward it—I put by all I can spare from my child. But it is so little! If we live for years to come, there seems no hope for us. I know I have done wrong every way; I know I don't deserve to be happy. But how could I let my child suffer?—I was obliged to go to service. My mistress was hard on me, and my health broke down in trying to live by my needle. I would never have deceived any body by a false character if there had been another chance for me. I was alone and helpless, ma'am; and I can only ask you to forgive me."

"Ask better women than I am," said Magdalen, sadly. "I am only fit to feel for you; and I do feel for you with all my heart. In your place I should have gone into service with a false character too. Say no more of the past—you don't know how you hurt me in speaking of it. Talk of the future. I think I can help you, and do you no harm. I think you can help me, and do me the greatest of all services in return. Wait and you shall hear what I mean. Suppose you were married, how much would it cost for you and your husband to emigrate?"

Louisa mentioned the cost of a steerage passage to Australia for a man and his wife. She spoke in low, hopeless tones. Moderate as the sum was, it looked like unattainable wealth in her eyes.

Magdalen started in her chair and took the girl's hand once more.

"Louisa!" she said, earnestly, "if I gave you the money what would you do for me in return?"

The proposal seemed to strike Louisa speechless with astonishment. She trembled violently, and said nothing. Magdalen repeated her words.

"Oh, ma'am, do you mean it!" said the girl. "Do you really mean it?"

"Yes," replied Magdalen, "I really mean it. What would you do for me in return?"

"Do?" repeated Louisa. "Oh, what is there I would *not* do!" She tried to kiss her mistress's hand, but Magdalen would not permit it. She resolutely, almost roughly, drew her hand away.

"I am laying you under no obligation," she said. "We are serving each other—that is all. Sit quiet and let me think."

For the next ten minutes there was silence in the room. At the end of that time Magdalen took out her watch and held it close to the grate. There was just firelight enough to show her the hour. It was close on six o'clock.

"Are you composed enough to go down stairs and deliver a message?" she asked, rising from her chair as she spoke to Louisa again. "It is a very simple message—it is only to tell the boy that I want a cab as soon as he can get me one. I must go out immediately. You shall know why later in the evening. I have much more to say to you, but there is no time to say it now. When I am gone bring your work up here and wait for my return. I shall be back before bedtime."

Without another word of explanation she hurriedly lit a candle and withdrew into the bedroom to put on her bonnet and shawl.

CHAPTER II.

BETWEEN nine and ten o'clock the same evening Louisa, waiting anxiously, heard the long-expected knock at the house-door. She ran down stairs at once and let her mistress in.

Magdalen's face was flushed. She showed far more agitation on returning to the house than she had shown on leaving it. "Keep your place at the table," she said to Louisa, impatiently, "but lay aside your work. I want you to attend carefully to what I am going to say."

Louisa obeyed. Magdalen seated herself at the opposite side of the table and moved the candles so as to obtain a clear and uninterrupted view of her servant's face.

"Have you noticed a respectable elderly woman," she began abruptly, "who has been here once or twice in the last fortnight to pay me a visit?"

"Yes, ma'am; I think I let her in the second time she came. An elderly person named Mrs. Attwood?"

"That is the person I mean. Mrs. Attwood is Mr. Loscombe's housekeeper; not the housekeeper at his private residence, but the housekeeper at his offices in Lincoln's Inn. I promised to go and drink tea with her some evening this week, and I have been to-night. It is strange of me, is it not, to be on these familiar terms with a woman in Mrs. Attwood's situation?"

Louisa made no answer in words. Her face spoke for her: she could hardly avoid thinking it strange.

"I had a motive for making friends with Mrs. Attwood," Magdalen went on. "She is a widow with a large family of daughters. Her daughters are all in service. One of them is an under-housemaid, in the service of Admiral Bartram, at St. Crux-in-the-Marsh. I found that out from Mrs. Attwood's master; and as soon as I arrived at the discovery I privately determined to make Mrs. Attwood's acquaintance. Stranger still, is it not?"

Louisa began to look a little uneasy. Her mistress's manner was at variance with her mistress's words—it was plainly suggestive of something startling to come.

"What attraction Mrs. Attwood finds in my society," Magdalen continued, "I can not presume to say. I can only tell you she has seen better days; she is an educated person; and she may like my society on that account. At any rate she has readily met my advances toward her. What attraction I find in this good woman on my side is soon told. I have a great curiosity—an unaccountable curiosity you will think—about the present course of household affairs at St. Crux-in-the-Marsh. Mrs. Attwood's daughter is a good girl, and constantly writes to her mother. Her mother is proud of the letters and proud of the girl, and is ready enough to talk about her daughter and her daughter's place. That is Mrs. Attwood's attraction to *me*. You understand so far?"

Yes—Louisa understood. Magdalen went on.

"Thanks to Mrs. Attwood and Mrs. Attwood's daughter," she said, "I know some curious particulars already of the household at St. Crux. Servants' tongues and servants' letters—as I need not tell *you*—are oftener occupied with their masters and mistresses than their masters and mistresses suppose. The only mistress at St. Crux is the housekeeper. But there is a master—Admiral Bartram. He appears to be a strange old man, whose whims and fancies amuse his servants as well as his friends. One of his fancies (the only one we need trouble ourselves to notice) is, that he had men enough about him when he was living at sea, and that now he is living on shore he will be waited on by women-

servants alone. The one man in the house is an old sailor, who has been all his life with his master—he is a kind of pensioner at St. Crux, and has little or nothing to do with the housework. The other servants indoors are all women; and instead of a footman to wait on him at dinner the admiral has a parlor-maid. The parlor-maid now at St. Crux is engaged to be married, and as soon as her master can suit himself she is going away. These discoveries I made some days since. But when I saw Mrs. Attwood to-night she had received another letter from her daughter in the interval; and that letter has helped me to find out something more. The housekeeper is at her wit's end to find a new servant. Her master insists on youth and good looks—he leaves every thing else to his housekeeper—but he will have that. All the inquiries made in the neighborhood have failed to produce the sort of parlor-maid whom the admiral wants. If nothing can be done in the next fortnight or three weeks the housekeeper will advertise in the *Times*, and will come to London herself to see the applicants, and to make strict personal inquiry into their characters."

Louisa looked at her mistress more attentively than ever. The expression of perplexity left her face, and a shade of disappointment appeared there in its stead.

"Bear in mind what I have said," pursued Magdalen; "and wait a minute more while I ask you some questions. Don't think you understand me yet—I can assure you you don't understand me. Have you always lived in service as lady's-maid?"

"No, ma'am."

"Have you ever lived as parlor-maid?"

"Only in one place, ma'am—and not for long there."

"I suppose you lived long enough to learn your duties?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What were your duties, besides waiting at table?"

"I had to show visitors in."

"Yes—and what else?"

"I had the plate and the glass to look after, and the table-linen was all under my care. I had to answer all the bells except in the bedrooms. There were other little odds and ends sometimes to do—"

"But your regular duties were the duties you have just mentioned?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How long ago is it since you lived in service as parlor-maid?"

"A little better than two years, ma'am."

"I suppose you have not forgotten how to wait at table, and clean plate, and the rest of it, in that time?"

At this question Louisa's attention, which had been wandering more and more during the progress of her mistress's inquiries, wandered away altogether. Her gathering anxieties got the better of her discretion and even of her timidity. Instead of answering her mistress, she suddenly and confusedly ventured on a question of her own.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," she said. "Did you mean me to offer for the parlor-maid's place at St. Crux?"

"You?" replied Magdalen. "Certainly not! Have you forgotten what I said to you in this room before I went out? I mean you to be married, and to go to Australia with your husband and your child. You have not waited as I told you, to hear me explain myself. You have drawn your own conclusions; and you have drawn them wrong. I asked a question just now which you have not answered—I asked if you had forgotten your parlor-maid's duties?"

"Oh no, ma'am!" Louisa had replied rather unwillingly, thus far. She answered readily and confidently now.

"Could you teach the duties to another servant?" asked Magdalen.

"Yes, ma'am—easily, if she was quick and attentive."

"Could you teach the duties to Me?"

Louisa started and changed color. "You, ma'am!" she exclaimed, half in incredulity, half in alarm.

"Yes," said Magdalen. "Could you qualify *me* to take the parlor-maid's place at St. Crux?"

Plain as those words were, the bewilderment which they produced in Louisa's mind seemed to render her incapable of comprehending her mistress's proposal. "You, ma'am!" she repeated, vacantly.

"I shall perhaps help you to understand this extraordinary project of mine," said Magdalen, "if I tell you what the object of it is. Do you remember what I said to you about Mr. Vanstone's will, when you came here from Scotland to join me?"

"Yes, ma'am. You told me you had been left out of the will altogether. I'm sure my fellow-servant would never have been one of the witnesses if she had known—"

"Never mind that now. I don't blame your fellow-servant—I blame nobody but Mrs. Lecount. Let me go on with what I was saying. It is not at all certain that Mrs. Lecount can do me the mischief which Mrs. Lecount intended. There is a chance that my lawyer, Mr. Loscombe, may be able to gain me what is fairly my due, in spite of the will. The chance turns on my discovering a letter, which Mr. Loscombe believes, and which I believe, to be kept privately in Admiral Bartram's possession. I have not the least hope of getting at that letter if I make the attempt in my own person. Mrs. Lecount has poisoned the admiral's mind against me, and Mr. Vanstone has given him a secret to keep from me. If I wrote to him, he would not answer my letter. If I went to his house, the door would be closed in my face. I must find my way into St. Crux as a stranger—I must be in a position to look about the house unsuspected—I must be there with plenty of time on my hands. All the circumstances are in my favor if I am received into the house as a servant; and as a servant I mean to go."

"But you are a lady, ma'am," objected Louisa, in the greatest perplexity. "The servants at St. Crux would find you out."

"I am not at all afraid of their finding me out," said Magdalen. "I know how to disguise myself in other people's characters more cleverly than you suppose. Leave me to face the chances of discovery—that is my risk. Let us talk of nothing now but what concerns *you*. Don't decide yet whether you will, or will not, give me the help I want. Wait and hear first what the help is. You are quick and clever at your needle. Can you make me the sort of gown which it is proper for a servant to wear—and can you alter one of my best silk dresses, so as to make it fit yourself, in a week's time?"

"I think I could get them done in a week, ma'am. But why am I to wear—?"

"Wait a little, and you will see. I shall give the landlady her week's notice to-morrow. In the interval, while you are making the dresses, I can be learning the parlor-maid's duties. When the house-servant here has brought up the dinner, and when you and I are alone in the room—instead of your waiting on me, as usual, I will wait on you. (I am quite serious; don't interrupt me!) Whatever I can learn besides, without hindering you, I will practice carefully at every opportunity. When the week is over, and the dresses are done, we will leave this place, and go into other lodgings—you as the mistress, and I as the maid."

"I should be found out, ma'am," interposed Louisa, trembling at the prospect before her. "I am not a lady."

"And I am," said Magdalen, bitterly. "Shall I tell you what a lady is? A lady is a woman who wears a silk gown, and has a sense of her own importance. I shall put the gown on your back, and the sense in your head. You speak good English—you are naturally quiet and self-restrained—if you can only conquer your timidity I have not the least fear of you. There will be time enough, in the new lodging, for you to practice your character, and for me to practice mine. There will be time enough to make some more dresses—another gown for me, and your wedding-dress (which I mean to give you) for yourself. I shall have the newspaper sent every day. When the advertisement appears I shall answer it—in any name I can take, on the spur of the moment; in your name if you like to lend it to me. When the housekeeper asks me for my character I shall refer her to you. She will see you in the position of mistress, and me in the position of maid—no suspicion can possibly enter her mind unless you put it there. If you only have the courage to follow my instructions, and to say what I tell you to say, the interview will be over in ten minutes."

"You frighten me, ma'am," said Louisa, still trembling. "You take my breath away with surprise. Courage! Where shall I find courage?"

"Where I keep it for you," said Magdalen—"in the passage-money to Australia. Look at the new prospect which gives you a husband and restores you to your child, and you will find your courage there."

Louisa's sad face brightened; Louisa's faint heart beat quick. A spark of her mistress's spirit flew up into her eyes as she thought of the golden future.

"If you accept my proposal," pursued Magdalen, "you can be asked in church at once, if you like. I promise you the money on the day when the advertisement appears in the newspaper. The risk of the housekeeper's rejecting me is my risk—not yours. My good looks are sadly gone off, I know. But I think I can still hold my place against the other servants—I think I can still *look* the parlor-maid whom Admiral Bartram wants. There is nothing for you to fear in this matter; I should not have mentioned it if there had been. The only danger is the danger of my being discovered at St. Crux, and that falls entirely on me. By the time I am in the admiral's house you will be married, and the ship will be taking you to your new life."

Louisa's face, now brightening with hope, now clouding again with fear, showed plain signs of the struggle which it cost her to decide. She tried to gain time; she attempted confusedly to speak a few words of gratitude; but her mistress silenced her.

"You owe me no thanks," said Magdalen. "I tell you again we are only helping each other. I have very little money, but it is enough for your purpose, and I give it you freely. I have led a wretched life; I have made others wretched about me. I can't even make *you* happy, except by tempting you to a new deceit. There! there! it's not your fault. Worse women than you are will help me if you refuse. Decide as you like, but don't be afraid of taking the money. If I succeed I shall not want it. If I fail—"

She stopped, rose abruptly from her chair, and hid her face from Louisa by walking away to the fire-place.

"If I fail," she resumed, warming her foot carelessly at the fender, "all the money in the world will be of no use to me. Never mind why—never mind Me—think of yourself. I won't take advantage of the confession you have made to me; I won't influence you against your will. Do as you yourself think best. But remember one thing—my mind is made up: nothing you can say or do will change it."

Her sudden removal from the table, the altered tones of her voice as she spoke the last words, appeared to renew Louisa's hesitation. She clasped her hands together in her lap, and wrung them hard. "This has come on me very suddenly, ma'am," said the girl. "I am sorely tempted to say Yes; and yet I'm almost afraid—"

"Take the night to consider it," interposed Magdalen, keeping her face persistently turned toward the fire, "and tell me what you have decided to do when you come into my room to-morrow morning. I shall want no help to-night; I can undress myself. You are not so strong as I am; you are tired, I dare say. Don't sit up on my account. Good-night, Louisa, and pleasant dreams!"

Her voice sank lower and lower as she spoke those kind words. She sighed heavily; and, leaning her arm on the mantle-piece, laid her head on it with a reckless weariness miserable to see. Louisa had not left the room, as she supposed; Louisa came softly to her side and kissed her hand. Magdalen started; but she made no attempt this time to draw her hand away. The sense of her own horrible isolation subdued her at the touch of the servant's lips. Her proud heart melted; her eyes filled with burning tears. "Don't distress me!" she said, faintly. "The time for kindness has gone by; it only overpowers me now. Good-night!"

The morning came; and the affirmative answer which Magdalen had anticipated was the answer given. On that day the landlady received her week's notice to quit, and Louisa's needle flew fast through the stitches of the parlor-maid's dress.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS INTENDED BRIDE.

We publish on page 781 portraits of the Prince of Wales and the Lady whom he is to marry, the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. The Prince is just twenty-one years of age. It will be seen by our portrait that he looks rather older than when he danced here at the famous Prince's ball. He wears incipient whiskers; and the crafty engraver has contrived a shade over the upper lip which may perhaps pass for a mustache. He is understood to have been kept busy since he left here, in study and travel, and has no doubt a well-stored mind.

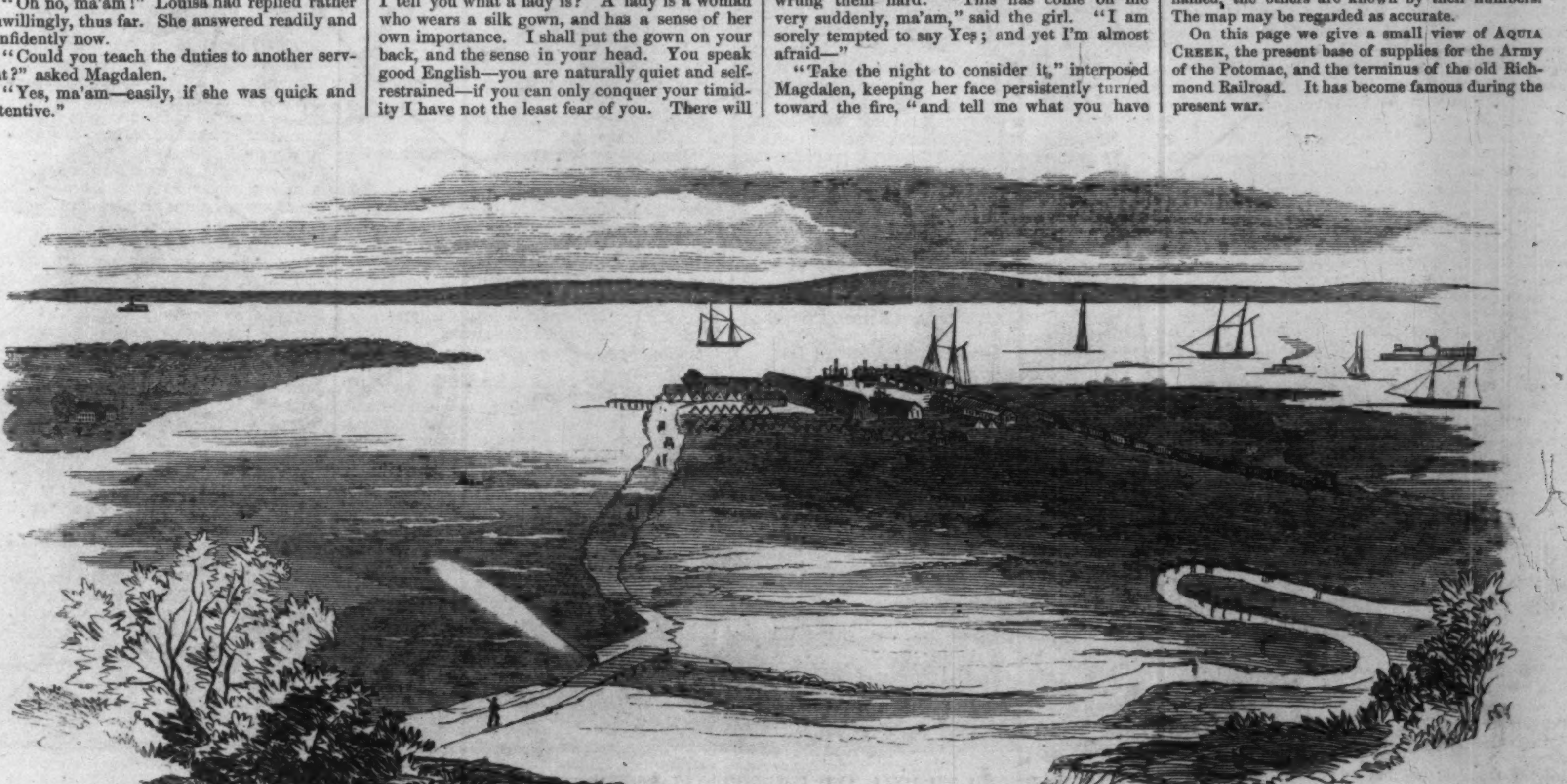
The following account of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, the future Queen of England, will doubtless be read with interest:

"Princess Alexandra, who was born December 1, 1844, is the second child and eldest daughter of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, heir-expectant to the Danish throne, and of Princess Louisa of Hesse-Cassel. She is gifted, as will be seen by our portrait, with no inconsiderable share of beauty, and is described as being very accomplished, having received in her family, which is generally esteemed as a model of all domestic virtues, the most careful and complete education. Princess Alexandra is a Sous-Lieutenant in the Danish Army. Many journals in France and Belgium, in commenting upon the account given of the Royal family of Denmark, stated that the *Almanach de Gotha* had committed an amusing mistake in describing Princess Alexandra as a Sous-Lieutenant in the Danish Army. It appears, however, that there was no mistake at all in the matter; for, however extraordinary it may appear to us, the illustrious intended bride of the Prince of Wales does actually hold the commission described in the Danish Army."

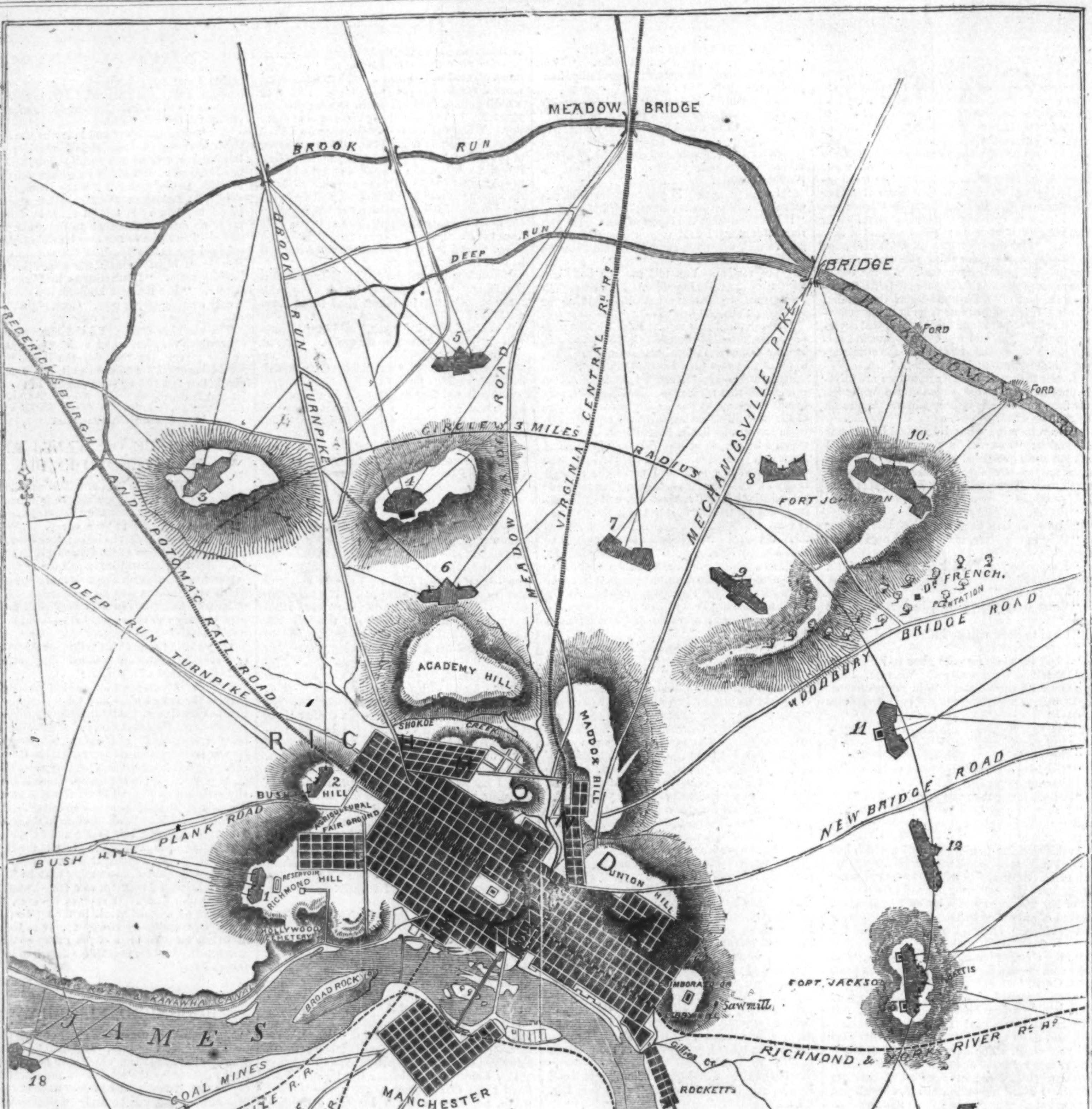
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

We publish on page 780 a chart of The City of Richmond, Virginia, and its Environs, showing the fortifications which have been erected for its defense by the rebels. In the course of a day or two, Burnside, and perhaps some one else, from another side, will probably be thundering at the walls of these forts. Only two of the forts are named, the others are known by their numbers. The map may be regarded as accurate.

On this page we give a small view of Aquia Creek, the present base of supplies for the Army of the Potomac, and the terminus of the old Richmond Railroad. It has become famous during the present war.



AQUIA CREEK, ON THE POTOMAC, NEW BASE OF SUPPLIES OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.



MAP OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, AND ITS ENVIRONS, SHOWING THE REBEL FORTS, ETC.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS INTENDED BRIDE, THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

THANKSGIVING.

"WHAT have soldiers in hospital, writhing in pain, or tossing in fever, to be thankful for? The day is a humbug. Keep it? No, I've not kept it."

A strong man shorn of his strength spoke, but it was no Delilah answering.

"Many a poor soldier weary with pain and agony has found cause for thankfulness; some trifling deed of pity or word of sympathy has stirred his heart to gratefulness. Suffering generally humbles men to recognize and accept what they disdain in the pride and glory of health."

"Yes, you women get us in your power and then crow."

"Victor, what malice!"

"It is true; then tell us to be thankful. For what? for maimed, crippled bodies, for useless arms, for paralytic legs?"

The pale face grew paler, and a scornful smile gleamed out of restless, eager eyes.

"Oh, Victor! Victor! the battle is but half fought, the glory only half won when you utter these thoughts."

Victor partially raised himself, leaning on one arm and speaking haughtily.

"If you think I implied regret at giving my mite to this war you are wholly mistaken, Margaret."

"No, no! I did not mean that, believe me; but it is right for all to be thankful, and I meant you had not gained one of the direct purposes of suffering."

"Pray what is that?"

Margaret's head drooped as she answered,

"Gratitude for having shared in even the least degree that which was endured for us all by our Master."

Victor's voice had lowered before he replied,

"I am no Carmelite, Margaret, nor one of those who believe that mere bodily pain can make us like the Divine One."

"But it can help—it can indeed."

She was so afraid to speak of these things that she dared not say all she was thinking. She wanted to assure him that a better appreciation of the great sacrifice lay in his power than in hers, rejoicing as she was in health and vigor; but different leaven had been working in his mind, for he suddenly resumed again in his cutting, ironical tone:

"Ah, it is easy to preach of thankfulness in purple and fine linen to the ragged, beggarly horde! You have heard the sermon to-day, you have given thanks devoutly, and now—stand a little farther off that I may look at you—you are going to the sumptuous dinner; but you do not care for the viands, your esthetic palate is to be cajoled. I wonder who will whisper the most tasteful, delicate flatteries; who will offer the most poetic draughts, spiced carefully for such dainty lips! Let me see. The sheen of your silk dazzles—I must shade my weak vision—it is very beautiful; and the lace at your throat, how soft and downy—you call it a ruche, I believe; the rose, too, in your hair is red, rosier than your fair face, red as the blood I have seen on battle-fields—"

"Madge! Madge! where are you? Come out of this dungeon. We are waiting for you. What are you two crooning over? Victor, you look as sour as green grapes. Look at me; am I not bewitching? See, I am *en militaire*."

The fairiest little being, robed in pink tarlatan, danced in and thrust her curly pate down on her brother's arm, chattering all the while.

"You have kept Madge ever so long; isn't she a darling?"

"What is that she wears on her necklace, Josey?"

"A cross, a pearl cross; Madge, let him see it!"

"Don't ask her, Josey. She is angry with me. Is that the way you women wear crosses made of pearls and hung on a golden chain? How heavy they must be!"

"Stop, Victor, stop, you are outrageous. Madge has gone, and I shall go too; but look at the buttons in my ears."

"Petite sauvage! why make holes in such little pink sea-shells of auriculas?"

"I don't know what you mean. I wear army button ear-rings to match this army button bracelet, and they are lovely.. But, Vic, I wish you had your dear old leg again so we could have a redowa—and how splendidly you used to lead the German! Oh, it is too bad! I shall just cry."

"And make your eyes red. Oh no, Josey; come, dance off with yourself. Who's to be there?"

"Every body."

"Tell me who Margaret dances with."

"She won't dance in war times, she says. Isn't she old fogy? She came up to me the other night and said the music ought to be funeral marches instead of giddy waltzes."

"Was that after I came home?"

"No; before; and you know how magnificently she plays. Well; she would not touch the piano except to give us the adagio of one of Beethoven's symphonies, or something else so sad that we could hardly keep from tears; but I must go, Vic. Good-by; don't get blue here all alone. I suppose you would rather have a book than my delectable society?"

"Oh yes, chatter-box; adieu!"

The light steps danced down the hall; other steps and other voices echoed, died away; the carriage wheels rolled off, and silence reigned.

Victor took up his book: the print was too fine: so he was obliged to relinquish it, wishing he had some one to read aloud to him. Margaret had so often read to him that the words began to bear more clearness and power from her voice than any other, but he had provoked her now. It was not a pleasant reverie in which he was indulging; alone, crippled, feverish, restless; he who had prided himself on his independence and manly strength. But he did not regret having spoken as he did to Margaret; it rather satisfied him to resent kindness and patience with cool sarcasm; it was his masculine protest against forbearance and gentleness. "Thankful, grateful—I have no need, I wish to have no need for such words. Has she not left me all alone here to gnash my teeth at fate, to ponder over my uselessness and miserable good-for-nothingness, while she dances off to a dinner—a Thanksgiving dinner? And why should she not go? What does she owe me that she should deny herself any pleasure? Nothing. To be sure I once told her—I was fool enough then—that no other woman in the world had so great a sway over my actions; confound it! She has tightened the rein till the bit cuts at every pull; but I am revenging myself. I hurt her nicely to-night. She's a good little Christian, and does not like to be thought a Pharisee."

A little table stood near with convenient trifles. A book of larger type caught his eye, Mrs. Browning's "Last Poems." It opened of itself, as if it knew the hand accustomed to hold it (not Victor's), at the hundred and seventy-eighth page. Down the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth verses was scored lightly a pencil mark. For one vivid moment he knew what one woman had suffered in all the dreary time of his silent imprisonment in Richmond, and like an avenging weapon those verses cut in deeply. He tried to shake it off; he tried to think some other hand had opened these pages so often that the leaves fell apart at this one place. He knew better; and knowing it, self-reproach added to his dreariness. His bell rang so furiously that the servant feared some accident and rushed breathlessly in.

"Did the ladies say when they would return, Joanna?"

"No, Sir; but not until late I'm sure, Sir."

"Ask them when they come—no, you need not either. Bring me a glass of water."

"Yes, Sir."

He was very restless and feverish, and lay with closed eyes as quick steps indicated Joanna's return. But the step was lighter, and a cool hand laid softly on his brow made him start.

A quiet figure in gray merino, with only a blue bow knotted under the linen collar, stood near him—thick, drooping, wavy curls hid her eyes.

"I thought you had gone!" was the half-impatient exclamation.

"I changed my mind at the last moment."

"To heap coals of fire on my head, I suppose."

"Victor, drink this water; you have fever; don't talk."

"I must."

"Not now; let me read." She had opened a book, and crouched down on a low ottoman, her face shaded by her hand, began to read. The voice was like a chime of low, sweet bells, but they seemed to jangle in Victor's ears. He tossed and turned, and finally put out his hand and grasped the book.

"Pardon me, Margaret."

"Shall I go away, Victor?"

"Yes."

There was not a tinge of sentiment or sadness in her words, but they were very calm and low.

"I only came because I saw you were worse and needed recreation," rising as she spoke.

"Do you call this recreation?"

"No, it is very evident I have done harm."

"More than you can repair, Margaret."

He was not now speaking satirically, and she looked at him with amazement.

"You have made me break a resolution so strong that it was nearly a vow."

"I, Victor?"

"Yes, you, with your calmness and womanly gentleness, your terrible malignity."

She knew not what he meant; and though she had determined not to be weak, tears would come; just one passionate outburst, which she quelled proudly the moment they were shed. But he saw them, and drew her toward his couch.

"This is the way I have to sue for pardon, lying helpless, maimed for life. I had rather you had killed me, Margaret, than force me so to love you that I can not longer hide it. Oh, Margaret, Margaret, it was cruel! I, who shall never ask any woman to be my wife."

Margaret put out her hand very coolly.

"Good-night, Victor."

"Must you go? Then I am mistaken. I hoped you cared for me, Margaret, in spite of my detestable behavior."

"Yes, I must go, Victor."

"It has been very tiresome for you here, Margaret, listening to my folly."

"No, I did not care to go out."

Her perfect indifference at last enraged him, as she knew it would.

"You seem to be in no way moved at my misery. I did not know you were so cold and heartless."

"What would you have me say?"

"Drop some delicious grains of pity; sweeten the bitter pill with honeyed phrases."

"I am very sorry this has happened."

"But that is a cant expression. You are generally original."

She was silent again, and moved toward the door. He detained her, grasping her passive hand.

"Among all your thanks to-day can you spare a little forgiveness?"

"For what?"

"For my rudeness and harshness." His voice was gentle again.

"There is more to forgive than that."

"I dare say; but I am in earnest. Don't go yet. Do you forgive me?"

"No!"—firmly, softly, but emphatically.

"And why not? Is my sin so heinous?"

"The man is not a brave one who tells a woman he loves her but will not ask her to be his wife."

"Margaret!"

She went on as indifferently and coolly as if discussing some novel.

"It is not brave, nor is it honest, for he may have won her love in some strange way."

"But she should let him know," said Victor, half amazed and half amused.

"A true woman's self-respect is a barrier to that."

Victor bit his lip.

"A cripple, doomed to drag a footless stump after him all his life, has no right to ask a young and beautiful, no, nor an old and ugly, woman to be his wife."

"Who has laid down that law?"

"A true man's self-respect is the barrier."

Margaret glanced up, a very sunbeam of a smile playing over her features.

"It is a dead-lock, Victor."

"It shall not be, Margaret, if you will just stoop down here a moment."

"What for?"

"Now I have both your hands; tell me, do you, dare you love me?"

There was no answer, and her curls drooped over her face. He repeated the question, but she would not reply.

For a moment or two his pale face worked. It was hard for him to make the attempt he had almost sworn not to do—so hard, that for a moment he faltered.

But the temptation was irresistible, and he saw that nothing else would compel Margaret to answer, so he spoke:

"Margaret, will you be my wife?"

"Yes, Victor," came the answer, clearly spoken.

"The wife of a cripple?"

She crushed the words with a kiss.

For a long while there was stillness, Victor clasping tightly Margaret's hands as if afraid she would elude them, but in place of the pain and feverish irritability on his features was a look of very expressive content.

Margaret's tears were so nearly falling that it was some time before she could ask Victor what he was thinking of, so unusual was his silence.

"Keeping my Thanksgiving at last," was the reply.

A TRIBUTE.

How sleep the brave? Oh! not as cowards sleep,
Whose hands no labor bore;
Over *their* graves no loving one shall weep—
They shall be named no more.
No ringing voice above the tomb shall break,
Proclaiming truth more boldly for their sake.

Not so they sleep who for their country die—
On their name rests no blot;
Through the world's changes, as the years roll by,
They never are forgot.
Earth's greatest soul may know no greater pride
Than to be called to die as they have died.

When Freedom's sons assemble to relate
The deeds that they have done,
Each telling of some victory, made more great
Being so nobly won;
There RICHARDSON and MITCHELL shall be seen—
One bronzed and scarred, with a true soldier's mien;

The other, with his calm and steady eyes
Turned upward to the stars,
Seeking new inspiration from the skies,
'Neath the red planet Mars.
Upon the roll of fame their names are traced
In golden letters, ne'er to be effaced!

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

ON page 769 we give a portrait of NATHANIEL P. BANKS, Major-General in the Army of the United States, and commander of the Great Southern Expedition which is now on its way to its destination. Our likeness is from a photograph by Brady.

General Banks was born at Waltham, Massachusetts, on 30th January, 1816. His parents were poor operatives who worked in the mills; young Nathaniel went barefoot to the common school, and there obtained all the education he ever enjoyed as a lad. He was soon called upon to take his place in a factory to earn his living, and for several years he worked regularly with the other operatives. Simultaneously he assisted in the establishment of a debating society, and contributed to the columns of the local paper. He subsequently became editor of this paper, and in 1842 was brought forward as Democratic candidate for Assembly from Waltham. He was defeated. He ran again in 1843, and in each of the following four years, with equal non-success. At length, in 1848, just as he was thinking of seeking fortune in California, he was elected, and remained a member of the Massachusetts Legislature until he was sent to Congress, voting and acting with the Democratic party. In 1850 he was chosen Speaker of the House; and in 1852 was sent to Congress, and became Speaker of that body too, after one of the most memorable contests in our Congressional history. As Speaker of the House Mr. Banks won high fame by his Parliamentary skill, firmness, and fairness. It was well said of him, at the close of his term, by a political opponent, that he "stood so straight that he almost leaned over to the other side."

At the close of Mr. Banks's term in Congress he withdrew from public life, and after spending some time in retirement at Waltham, accepted the post of Superintendent of the Illinois Central Railway, which had just been vacated by General M'Clellan. He was discharging the duties of this post when the rebellion broke out. It found him neither unprepared nor astonished. He went to Washington in February, 1861; foretold the secession of Virginia and the outbreak of the civil war, and created quite a commotion in the ranks of those who pinned their faith to Mr. Seward's honeyed phrases and rose-color visions. When war actually broke out, and troops were called for, Mr. Banks was at once designated by the public voice for a military command, and he was accordingly appointed Major-General by the President. With his usual foresight he had been studying strategy for some time, and when he took the field was thoroughly competent to command. He was given a division of the Army of the Potomac, and set to watch the upper fords of the river. Many months were spent in training his army. At length, early in 1862, he crossed the river and advanced up the Shenandoah Valley. He was driving Jackson before him, and doing his work well and faithfully, when the War Department began to withdraw his troops. First a brigade, then a regiment, then a whole division were ordered to the defense of posts which were supposed to be in danger; so that at last General Banks was left with only about 4000 men, while Jackson lay opposite him with 15,000. The circumstance soon became known to the wily rebel, and the attack on Front Royal followed. Banks's retreat to the north side of the Potomac, without the loss of a gun and with a very small loss in men, is rightly accounted one of the most brilliant military operations of the war. Jackson's disappointment at the escape of the prey he already deemed secured was severe. It was on the occasion of this retreat that the incident of the little slave girl, whom Banks carried out of Virginia "on the national cannon," took place: nothing in his career has made him more popular than this.

When M'Clellan commenced his retreat from the Peninsula, Banks was ordered forward to the Rappahannock under Pope. He fought the battle of Cedar Mountain with very inferior forces to the enemy, and with Sigel's aid held him in check until M'Clellan had retreated safely to Yorktown. He did not take part in the battles of Centreville or Bull Run the second: wounded at the Rappahannock, he was doing duty at Washington as military commander.

General Banks has now been appointed to the command of a Great Southern Expedition, part of which has already sailed. That he will be heard from in a manner which will rejoice the Northern heart no one who knows his lucky star can doubt.

THE "PASSAIC" AND HER TURRET.

THE turret of the *Passaic* is unquestionably the greatest engineering achievement of the time. The successful operation of this structure with its monster guns marks an era in the history of naval warfare.

Our engraving on page 773 represents the turret cut in two, through the vertical plane, the nearest half supposed to be removed in order to afford a full view of the interior. The enormous guns, Dahlgren's 15-inch, each weighing 42,000 pounds, are seen in perspective resting on light elegant carriages made of wrought iron. By means of very simple mechanism within the carriages, the constructor enables three men of moderate strength to handle these ponderous pieces with great facility. To the left of the muzzle of the nearest gun will be seen the port stopper, a bent block of wrought iron supported by a pivot, on which it turns so readily that one man can bring its broad face before the port-hole in less than five seconds, thereby effectually shutting out the enemy's projectiles.

The enormous balls, of 425 pounds weight, will be seen conveniently arranged within curved guides round the base of the turret, a broad jointed ring for handling these terrific projectiles being also represented.

Our readers can form a good idea of the size of the guns, 4 feet diameter, by comparison with the gunners standing on the left. The turret, composed of plate iron, is 23 feet outside diameter, 9 feet high, 11 inches thick, the entire weight being 240 tons. It might be supposed that such a ponderous mass could only be turned round by being placed on friction rollers; yet this expedient has not been resorted to. The constructor, deeming such complication incompatible with the solidity necessary to withstand the shocks of modern projectiles, boldly places the turret with its smooth lower edge on a broad ring in the deck, and trusts to his powerful mechanism within to cause the stupendous mass to rotate on its base. The gunner, placed behind the breech when the gun is to be aimed, simply raises or depresses a light handle and the gun instantly moves in the direction he wishes. The exact point being attained, a retrograde half-movement of the handle at once arrests the rotation of the turret and leaves the gun directed to the desired object.

But the result of Captain Ericsson's bold conception does not stop here. A still greater triumph has attended his labors. Our readers will observe on the engraving that the port-hole of the turret is far less in width than the diameter of the muzzle of the gun, and that, consequently, the gun must be fired within the turret. The proposition to discharge the largest cannon afloat within the narrow space of this cylindrical iron chamber without putting the muzzle through—not even *into* the port-hole—is so startling that nothing short of positive practical demonstration could prove its soundness. It is a flattering comment on the judgment of Admiral Gregory, and the other naval officers superintending the construction of our iron-clads, that they did not oppose, but on the contrary warmly seconded, Captain Ericsson's plan. The result of two careful trials, the second and final one made on the 15th, has realized every expectation. The smoke is effectually kept out, and the noise from the discharge of the monster guns within the turret is less than that of an ordinary field-piece.

Captain Ericsson, to whose genius the country is indebted for this master-piece, has been so kind as to inspect our artist's picture, and writes us that it is very accurate.

The engraving on page 772 represents the *Passaic* as she will appear at sea, and needs no description.

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

WE devote pages 776 and 777 to illustrations of FREDERICKSBURG, which is at present the centre of interest in Virginia. Our pictures, with one exception, are from sketches by Mr. H. Didiot, of the Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers. The exception is the picture of the Broken Bridge, which is from a sketch by our old correspondent, Adjutant Cope.

The following description of the place was published in *Harper's Weekly* some time since:

Fredericksburg is the chief town of Spottsylvania County, in Virginia, and is situated on the right bank of the

Rappahannock River, at the head of tide-water. It is between fifty and sixty miles from Richmond by railroad, and sixty-five miles by the turnpike, in a northerly direction. Turnpike roads connect it with Falmouth and Newport—the former by a ferry across the Rappahannock—and another turnpike leads through a wilderness to Orange Court House, where a railroad connects it with Gordonsville. The town itself is pleasantly situated in a fertile valley, and has great advantages for commerce and manufactures. The railroad from Washington, *via* Aquia Creek, passed through it, and thereby a large traffic and trade was done previous to the rebellion. As the through trains generally stopped at Fredericksburg Station for about an hour on each trip, a not inconsiderable chance trade was caused thereby in the immediate locality of the dépôt. It is distant from Aquia Creek by railroad about fifteen miles, from which point part of the Potomac River traffic used to be carried to Fredericksburg. A good canal had also been constructed from the town to a point on the Rappahannock River, about forty miles above, by which large quantities of wheat, flour, and tobacco were received for exportation. The river afforded extensive water power, which, however, was not much used. The hills in the neighborhood, varying in height from forty to one hundred feet, abound in fine granite and freestone. About thirty years since the prospect of Fredericksburg being a rapidly rising town was very great; but it suddenly stopped in its prosperity, and after, as it were, standing still for about twenty years, it gradually retrograded in its importance. In 1840 its population numbered nearly four thousand souls; and in 1850, ten years after, it had only increased eighty-eight persons—less than nine each year, and being about two per cent. in a decade—a remarkably small increase. Before the rebellion it contained five churches, one orphan asylum, two seminaries, four newspaper offices, and two banks.

Fredericksburg has changed hands more than once. While the Potomac blockade lasted it was a chief dépôt for rebel supplies. When M'Clellan advanced to Yorktown it was evacuated, and was occupied by M'Dowell. After the battles of the seven days before Richmond M'Dowell fell back, and the rebels again seized it. Burnside coming up the Potomac to the aid of Pope, in August, occupied it for a few days; when he marched to Warrenton it again fell back under the stars and bars. The reader will find an account of its more recent fortunes in the news column.

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From DANIEL HOLBROOK, Esq., *Superintendent of the Public Schools of Rochester*, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1862.

At the late meeting of our Board of Education, Commissioner ——— offered a resolution, "That Parker and Watson's Readers be adopted as text-books in place of the Willson Series, provided they be furnished without expense to the pupils in the several schools," which resolution was laid over for one month. The proposition was unexpected, no one here having heard a word of it, save the mover. It was wholly outside the Committee on Text-Books, and was got up entirely by somebody in New York. I am decidedly opposed to any change. I regard Willson's Readers as not only *better* than *Parker and Watson's*, but *better than any others that I have ever seen*. I am conscientious in the support I give them, and do it for the good of our schools.

From THOMAS ASHTON, Esq., *Chairman of the Committee on Text-Books of the Public Schools of Rochester, N. Y.*, Oct. 20, 1862.

I was not present when the resolution to displace Willson's Readers for Watson's was made: if I had been I should have opposed it; for I am satisfied, both from my own observation and the opinion of the teachers, of the merits of Willson's Readers. I have conversed with the other members of the Text-Book Committee, and they fully concur with me. I shall oppose any attempt to displace Willson's Readers.

From F. H. MARSHALL, Esq., *President of the Board of Education, Rochester*, Oct. 23, 1862.

I do not think the Board of Education will make any change in Readers. The Principals of our Schools are perfectly satisfied with Willson's Series, now in use. I think there is an underhand effort at work to remove them, but I do not think it will succeed. I am not in favor of changing books at any time, unless there is a series far superior to those in use.

☞ At the November meeting of the Board the resolution above referred to was *not* called up for consideration, it having been found that positively *ten* out of the *twelve* members of the Board were opposed to any change of Readers.

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